



3 1761 03622 1893

# PAINS & PENALTIES

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Purchased for the Library  
of the

University of Toronto

out of the proceeds of the fund

bequeathed by

T. B. Phillips Stewart, B.A., LL.B.

OB. A.D. 1892















**PAINS AND PENALTIES**

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

**The Chinese Lantern ; a Play in Three Acts. Pott 4to, 3s. 6d. net.**

*WITH GRANVILLE BARKER*

**Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden ; a Play in Three Acts. With a Frontispiece designed by LAURENCE HOUSMAN, and cut on wood by CLEMENCE HOUSMAN. Pott 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Crown 8vo, with Preface by the Authors, 1s. net.**

*shop*

# Pains and Penalties:

The Defence of Queen Caroline

*A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS* ~ ~ ~

By Laurence Housman ~ ~

147010  
16 | 9 | 18

London : Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd  
3 Adam Street, Adelphi MCMXI

PR  
4809  
H18P3

*Entered at the Library of Congress  
Washington, U.S.A.*

*All rights reserved*

## PREFACE

**T**HOSE who defend a bad cause have to defend it blindly: otherwise its life would be short. Driven from one false argument to another, they still find sufficiency in the last that is left to them. It is the thing, not the reasonableness of the thing that they are defending.

Last year this play of "Pains and Penalties" (excepting only the first scene of Act IV, which I have since incorporated for the sake of dramatic completeness) was privately and confidentially condemned by the Lord Chamberlain: for some months the author was given no reason for the condemnation which he could make public. Yet before a word of the play was printed defenders of the censorship supported the Lord Chamberlain's decision with blind and headlong enthusiasm, and industriously set themselves to assert that their beloved official must be in the right. The author had dared to pass unfavourable comments on the character of King George IV; and hostile reference upon the stage to the great-grand-uncle of our present Sovereign was declared incompatible with respect for the institutions of monarchy.

But at last the Lord Chamberlain was persuaded to give his reason publicly; and then, hey, presto! the

defence of our monarchy in the person of so bad a representative as this happily distant relative of our present King was sent to the limbo of untenable foolishnesses, and a brand-new reason was fitted out for public consumption.

The Lord Chamberlain, it then appeared, had refused to license my play, not for the supposed reasons at all—on those I had been “misinformed”—but because it dealt with “a sad historical episode of comparatively recent date in the life of an unhappy lady.” The “unhappy lady,” as I at once pointed out, had been dead for ninety years, and during the whole of that period her memory had rested under a cloud which the main trend of my play was calculated to remove. Driven to give a public reason for his action, the Lord Chamberlain decided that such an attempt to rehabilitate her character was not to be allowed.

And so the pro-censorists must adapt their attitude of adulation and agreement with the Lord Chamberlain’s thoughts, words, and actions to the new substitute for a reason which he has given them. Now it is no longer respect for the monarchic principle, but high-toned chivalry which bids them stick their stings into me for endeavouring to secure production for this play. A few days before my persistency won me the trick, the *Referee* declared that I was “guilty of trifling” when I asked the Lord Chamberlain to state publicly in what respect my play offended under the terms of the Act he was supposed to administer; it also accused me of “not playing the game” because I had refused to submit, without protest, to an unexplained veto.

---

But my "trifling" has after all brought me the plain publishable statement which I set out to secure, and which I announced that I would secure when I began agitating. And the only thing I wish to add here is my hope that the Lord Chamberlain keeps an uncooked record, not only of the published, but also of the private and confidential communications which pass between his officials and others in connection with the suppression of modern drama, and that a time may soon come when those documents will be collated in the light of day.

L. H.





## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

- ACT I. CAROLINE.....*Wife of George IV*  
 BARON BERGAMI.....*Her Chamberlain*  
 COUNTESS OLDI.....*His Sister*  
 VICTORINE.....*His Daughter*  
 SACCHI }  
 MARIETTE VREND } .....*Servants*  
 MAJOCHI.....*An ex-Servant*  
 RASTELLI.....*A Courier*  
 MR. VIZARD.....*A Lawyer*  
           *Servants in the household of Her Highness*
- ACT II. } MR. BROUGHAM.....*The Queen's Attorney*  
 ACT III. } MR. DENMAN }  
           DR. LUSHINGTON } .....*Counsel for the Defence*  
           MESSRS. VIZARD AND SON }  
           MR. DICKENSON } .....*Solicitors for the Defence*  
           THE ATTORNEY GENERAL }  
           THE SOLICITOR GENERAL } .....*Counsel for the Prosecution*  
           MR. PARK }  
           MR. POWELL.....*Solicitor for the Prosecution*  
           THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND....*Brother to George IV*  
           THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.....*His Cousin*  
           THE LORD CHANCELLOR.....  
           LORD LIVERPOOL.....*The Prime Minister*  
           LORD GREY }  
           LORD CARNARVON } .....*Opposition Peers*  
           LORD KING }  
           *Peers, Judges, Black Rod, Ushers, Interpreters, &c.*
- ACT IV. HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV.....  
 LORD CONYNGHAM.....*Husband of Lady Conyngham*  
 SIR ROBERT INGLIS.....*A Groom in Waiting*  
 JARVIS.....*The Queen's Coachman*  
           *Valets and Grooms in Waiting*



**ACT I**

**THE QUEEN'S VILLA AT LEGHORN**

**ACT II**

*(Six months later)*

**SCENE 1.**

**ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS**

**SCENE 2.**

**THE HOUSE OF LORDS**

**ACT III**

*(The same day)*

**THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE**

**ACT IV**

*(Eight months later)*

**SCENE 1.**

**THE KING'S DRESSING ROOM, WESTMINSTER ABBEY**

**SCENE 2.**

**THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE**



## ACT I

*(A large room with windows at the back, opening to the ground ; to the right a large doorway, to the left an archway leading to stairs, and a small door further down. The windows open to a view of garden-terrace and blue sea. It is a morning of bright sunlight. MARIETTE VREND and SACCHI are discovered together. SACCHI lolls on a settee in the centre, reading a paper ; MARIETTE, petulant and ennuyée, stands leaning her back against the other end ; after tapping her foot and turning her head once or twice without attracting his attention she snatches the paper away from him and flings it down. SACCHI stretches himself indolently.)*

SACCHI. Yes, Mariette, — were it not so hot I would still play the game to oblige you. *(Yawns.)* But, on a day like this — is it worth it? . . .

MARIETTE. Pah! . . . Has the new Courier arrived?

SACCHI. Not yet.

MARIETTE. Where is la Principessa?

SACCHI. Gone down to the shore. *h*

MARIETTE. Who was with her?

SACCHI. Bergami — of course.

MARIETTE. You need n't say 'of course,' . . . Bergami won't always be here.

SACCHI. What? Will the new Courier be so handsome?

MARIETTE. Pah! . . . Il Barone is going away.

SACCHI. Yes — to visit his new estate.

MARIETTE. Ugh! Have you seen all his packings?

SACCHI. No.

MARIETTE. Nor has the Princess: — Bergami is avoiding a scene.

SACCHI. (*Stooping to pick up the paper.*) Bergami is a wise man! (*Sighs as he unfolds the paper.* MARIETTE again snatches it and throws it on the settee.) I like you best in a temper, Mariette, for it is only then that you remind me of — your predecessor. (MARIETTE *fuffs.*) Do not be like her in other respects . . . she was caught searching among Her Highness's private papers.

MARIETTE. Caught! Pah! (*Laughs.*)

(*Enter FOOTMAN; he looks round and nods familiarly, then turns and beckons. Enter RASTELLI.*)

FOOTMAN. If you will wait, Monsieur. Her Highness will be here presently. (*Exit.*)

SACCHI. Ah! good morning, Monsieur Cavalier! Whom have we the pleasure of receiving?

RASTELLI. A very hot and dusty traveller, Monsieur, one who has ridden since daybreak.

MARIETTE. Ah! you are the new Courier?

RASTELLI. Not as new as I would wish, Signorina — only new in my arrival.

SACCHI. You are from Pisa?

RASTELLI. From Milan.

MARIETTE. (*With meaning.*) Oh! from Milan?

SACCHI. You bring high recommendations?

RASTELLI. From his Excellency the Baron Ompteda.

SACCHI. Mariette, see whether Her Highness is not yet returning.

MARIETTE. You seem very anxious for her return to-day, Sacchi. (*She moves towards window.*)

SACCHI. (*Speaking low.*) I, too, Monsieur, was recommended by the Baron Ompteda.

RASTELLI. (*With meaning.*) His Excellency never forgets those who have served him.

(*MARIETTE comes sidling back again.*)

SACCHI. Well, Mariette?

MARIETTE. Go, and see for yourself, Sacchi!

(*They exchange looks: she grimaces.*)

SACCHI. I see, Monsieur, that we are to be better acquainted. (*He goes out on to terrace.*)

MARIETTE. (*To RASTELLI.*) H'm?

RASTELLI. H'm?

MARIETTE. Will Monsieur be here long?

RASTELLI. If wishes could bind me, Signorina. But a Courier's time is not his own.

SACCHI. (*From without.*) The Principessa arrives on the terrace. (*MARIETTE slips packet into RASTELLI's hand.*) Ah! Il Barone has signalled; I must go. (*Exit.*)

RASTELLI. (*Speaking quickly.*) Tell me, is it true that Bergami leaves to-day?

MARIETTE. He was to start this morning.

RASTELLI. And return — when? (*MARIETTE shrugs.*) What? Has he become indifferent?

MARIETTE. Perhaps, Monsieur, only prudent.

RASTELLI. But if he goes now — will they at Milan have found proof enough? (*MARIETTE shrugs.*) You have been here —?

MARIETTE. Nearly two years.

RASTELLI. Well?

MARIETTE. I have seen everything, Monsieur. I know nothing.

RASTELLI. How is that possible? Are they not always together? Are they not seen daily arm in arm?

MARIETTE. Pah! She would take anyone's arm. With her it means anything — nothing! What she writes (*pointing to packet*) that I do not know, since I cannot read it. (*Enter OLDI by staircase.*) Sh! sh! This is the Countess Oldi.

OLDI. Mariette, why are you here? . . . Oh! I see! (*Sarcastically.*) Monsieur is but newly arrived? . . . Go, Mariette, when I tell you. (*Exit MARIETTE flouncing.*) Have you brought no letters, Monsieur?

RASTELLI. None, Signora.

OLDI. That is strange. . . . Had not the English mails arrived?

RASTELLI. I received no letters, Signora. But I heard that old King Giorgio of England was ill, and little likely to recover.

OLDI. Ah! that was her fear!

RASTELLI. But Her Highness will then be Queen?

OLDI. To that, Monsieur, she is indifferent. But when the old King dies she will have lost a friend. All the world knows that she has enemies. Do not believe, Monsieur, the things that are said!

RASTELLI. In Her Highness' service, I hope to prove my devotion.

OLDI. You will have a good mistress! Ah! Here she comes!

*(Outside the PRINCESS is heard laughing. Enter CAROLINE, holding out at arm's length a toy spaniel, followed by BERGAMI, and SACCHI carrying campstool, sunshade, and shawls.)*

CAROLINE. Ah, take him away, Bergami! Take him away! See he is all wet! *(She gives the dog to BERGAMI.)*

OLDI. Oh, Principessa, your gown! he has ruined it! What a whipping he shall get for this!

*(She starts to wipe the skirt with a napkin. BERGAMI gives the dog to SACCHI, who goes out carrying dog, campstool, and sunshade, &c.)*

CAROLINE. It does not matter, my good Oldi! That silly Bergami let him go in the water . . . it is Bergami who should get the whipping. *(She sees RASTELLI.)* Who is this gentleman?

BERGAMI. The new Courier, are you not?

RASTELLI. If it should please Her Highness.

CAROLINE. When did you come?

RASTELLI. Within the last hour — from Milan.

CAROLINE. Have you letters?

OLDI. There are none, your Highness.

CAROLINE. Bergami, all our friends have forgotten us!

BERGAMI. May not no news be good news?



CAROLINE. No, no, Bergami, for me no news has always meant bad news. . . . They let me wait to read the bad news in the papers.

BERGAMI. Here is a paper: see if it tells anything.

CAROLINE. Ah, no! for that too is from Milan; see, it is three days old. . . . Bergami, who was that man standing at the gate as we passed?

BERGAMI. Principessa, I did not notice.

CAROLINE. Oh: yes, you did, Bergami: him you ordered to stand aside.

BERGAMI. Oh, *that!* . . . That was Majochi.

CAROLINE. Majochi! — Why! but poor man, he was almost in rags!

BERGAMI. As he deserves! Had not your Highness good reason for dismissing him?

CAROLINE. Ah! — that was three years ago! . . . To think he should have come to that!

OLDI. Principessa, if that thief comes into this house, I will go, I will not stay!

CAROLINE. Wait till you have seen him, Oldi. Poor little thing! If you had any hatred left, it would give you joy! Besides, he is so dirty, you will not recognise him.

OLDI. Dirty? He had a dirty inside! — a black tongue and a black heart! Did I not myself catch him at it?

CAROLINE. Oh, yes, Oldi, there is no doubt that he robbed me — just a little: — but so cleverly that I did not miss anything. . . . Go, my good Bergami, and tell him to come in!

BERGAMI. Principessa!

CAROLINE. I do not order you, Bergami, — I ask you.

*(Exit BERGAMI by the window.)*

Now, Oldi, do not make that grimace, or put on that terrible air! . . . When you look like that — so proper — you remind me of the Englishwomen. . . . How do you know? this poor man may have learned something. . . . To have grown so poor in three years — how he must have lived!

OLDI. Yes, — and made others pay for it!

CAROLINE. We all do that, Oldi.

· · (Enter BERGAMI followed by MAJOCHI who bows and cringes his way round the wall.)

Ah! Majochi, so you have come back again?

MAJOCHI. Most gracious Principessa, I pray you a thousand million pardons! I would not so have presumed, had I not news your Highness may like to hear.

CAROLINE. Ah — ha! What news is that, Majochi?

MAJOCHI. Your Highness remembers the polacca on which, five years ago, we all sailed for the Levant?

CAROLINE. Shall I ever forget it! . . . Ah, Bergami, those great blue nights out at sea!

BERGAMI. When your Highness slept in a tent on deck.

CAROLINE. And poor Oldi always lying seasick below. . . . You and I were not seasick, Bergami. . . . For fear of pirates we put out all the lights; and lay, looking out, watching the stars. . . . Only one thing was sad . . . the pirates, they never came.

OLDI. Why did your Highness wish them to come?

CAROLINE. I wanted to see Bergami get up and fight them! He slept always with a sword and three loaded pistols — did you not, Bergami? Oh, what a fight he would have made of it! . . . Yes, Majochi — the polacca? Go on!

MAJOCHI. Principessa, that same polacca is now here. . . . If the Principessa so willed, — it is to be had on terms very advantageous.

BERGAMI. You have already bargained with the owner?

MAJOCHI. I told him that Her Highness was here.

CAROLINE. You come on his behalf?

MAJOCHI. It was understood that I would try to see your Highness — just my little best.

BERGAMI. Majochi means that he gets a commission from the captain, in the event of your Highness engaging him.

CAROLINE. But naturally!

MAJOCHI. Gracious Highness, the weather promises so well! At sea the cool breeze: here only the heat and the mosquitoes.

CAROLINE. What do you say, Bergami? . . . Ah, but we cannot go without *you* to defend us! No, my friend, you come the wrong time. In a little while Signor Bergami starts for his estate near Como — Barona — you remember Barona?

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si, si, — Barona, ah!

CAROLINE. So, unless you can persuade him to stay —

MAJOCHI. Il Signor Barone will listen to no persuasion of mine, Principessa! . . . It is through him I was dismissed. First he brought down my wages: then made a false charge against me, — a thing I shall always remember.

(RASTELLI *tries to attract MAJOCHI's attention.*)

BERGAMI. Before I took from his wages, your Highness knows, he had already helped himself!

MAJOCHI. Her Highness knows that I served her diligently.

OLDI. You were diligent at keyholes!

MAJOCHI. Ah! Cattiva donna!

OLDI. Ah! Porco! Traditore!

CAROLINE. Be quiet all of you! Bergami, send him away! . . . No, wait! . . . Oldi, go to my chamber, and bring me my purse. . . . Quickly, quickly! . . . (*Exit OLDI.*) Now, Majochi, tell me the truth — how much did you steal from me?

MAJOCHI. But Principessa, nothing, nothing! — or so little that your Highness could not have missed it. . . . It was Signor Bergami who took away my wages. Was it any wonder, then, if I stole a little?

BERGAMI. Principessa, he had his choice: he could have gone!

MAJOCHI. And where could I have gone to? Far from my own people: could it be helped that I submitted?

(*Re-enter OLDI with purse. RASTELLI still tries to attract MAJOCHI's attention.*)

CAROLINE. Basta! How much did you take to repay yourself, Majochi?

MAJOCHI. Oh, Principessa, — so little I do not remember!

CAROLINE. Fifty lire?

MAJOCHI. Perhaps no — perhaps yes.

CAROLINE. A hundred lire?

MAJOCHI. I do not think it could have been more than a hundred lire.

CAROLINE. There, then, Majochi! there is one hundred lire, all that you took I give it you again — to show that now you are forgiven.

MAJOCHI. Ah, . . . Principessa, I begin to recollect! There was one other little taking I had forgotten!

BERGAMI. Basta! Basta! If your memory starts now, mine may start too! There are police, Majochi, who might know that face again. There! you named your own figure, my friend; now you have got it, you had better be off!

(*MAJOCHI catches RASTELLI's eye.*)

MAJOCHI. Signor Bergami — I shall remember you! Yes!

(*He looks again at RASTELLI and goes.*)

CAROLINE. Now, my Oldi, do not look so sulky! You would have done the same had you thought of it. . . . Ah! there is Monsieur the Courier still waiting. My friend what did you say your name?

RASTELLI. Rastelli, your Highness.

CAROLINE. Are you a quick rider?

RASTELLI. In the cavalry of Napoleon, Highness, one did not learn to be slow.

CAROLINE. I have letters to England for the next mail from Genoa. Refresh yourself; then be ready to start at noon. . . . (*Exit RASTELLI.*) Ah-ha! We shall need a

lot of couriers while you are away, Bergami. As soon as your back is turned my household cares will be terrible!

BERGAMI. The Principessa will soon find she can do without me.

(OLDI starts.)

CAROLINE. Now he is laughing at me, Oldi. . . . Has he told you — this man — how long he will be away?

OLDI. No, Principessa.

CAROLINE. Nor when he starts?

OLDI. He did not tell me the day.

CAROLINE. The *day*? . . . He goes now — at noon! He has been hiding it, and pretends that he himself put off deciding to the last moment, for fear he might die of grief! But for how long, Bergami?

BERGAMI. Ah, Principessa, how can I say? On an estate there are many things one must attend to.

(OLDI is looking at him fixedly.)

CAROLINE. Is he not droll, Oldi? This poor little estate that we gave him last birthday, has now so grown he is almost afraid of it! . . . And what shall we poor women do without him? . . . We must put off the masquerade. (*She seats herself at an escritoire.*) Nobody can play 'Il magnifico' as he can.

BERGAMI. I beg that your Highness will put off nothing on my account.

CAROLINE. But why, Bergami? Will it be so long?

BERGAMI. It is a long journey, Principessa.

CAROLINE. From here to Barona? — Scarcely two days.

BERGAMI. Leaving your Highness I shall be a slow traveller. . . . I should be quicker were I returning.

CAROLINE. That is a pretty compliment, but a false one: for the quicker you go the sooner you come back again.

OLDI. (*Speaking with constraint, and regarding BERGAMI.*) My brother knows that, when one travels, one is often unexpectedly hindered. He does not — wish that your Highness should be — disappointed.

CAROLINE. Perhaps, you are right, Oldi. . . . Go and fetch me my letters, that I may seal them before the Courier returns. (*Laughter is heard on the terrace, the window is pushed open.*) Ah-ha, what is this noise?

(*Enter VICTORINE, a small child, in masquerading costume like a Spanish Infanta, dragging a long train.*)

VICTORINE. Ecco! Zietta! Ecco!

CAROLINE. Tcha! Tcha! Oh, look! Is not that beautiful? This is how she comes in the first scene, Bergami, in the masquerade. Dance, little Victorine, show him how you dance!

(*CAROLINE and VICTORINE dance to each other.*)

OLDI. (*Aside to BERGAMI.*) So you are not coming back? What? You have tired of us, then?

BERGAMI. Sh! Sh! These things do not last for ever, sister.

OLDI. Oh, when she knows that — it will kill her — subito! she will die!

BERGAMI. Did I not hear Her Highness bid you bring her letters? Quickly, my good sister, quickly!

(*Exit OLDI, with a look as if to say, "Oh! you men are all monsters!"*)

CAROLINE. Look, Bergami! Have you the hard heart to go from a sight like that — so beautiful? Oh, you fathers! You do not care for your children. We women, who have no children left of our own, love them far better than you. (*She takes up the child.*) Tell him to come back soon, Victorine! Say 'soon.'

(*Enter SACCHI.*)

CAROLINE. Yes? Yes? What is it?

SACCHI. A gentleman from England. He is very urgent to see your Highness.

CAROLINE. From England? Bring him instantly!

SACCHI. Your Highness, the Courier now awaits your Highness's orders.

(*Re-enter OLDI with letters.*)

CAROLINE. Yes, yes, tell him the letters are ready.

(Exit SACCHI.)

Oldi, it is growing too hot: bid them close up the shutters.

(She takes the letters and begins sealing them in a single cover. Enter RASTELLI. OLDI rings for servants.)

There, Monsieur . . . (to RASTELLI), if you receive no further orders, you will start at noon.

(RASTELLI takes the sealed package and behind his back, the wax being still soft, draws it open. SACCHI re-entering sees. He and RASTELLI exchange glances. SERVANTS enter, close up the green outer shutters of the windows, and retire. A SERVANT comes and takes away VICTORINE.)

CAROLINE. Do not lose it, my friend. Deliver and return safely.

(She offers her hand which RASTELLI kisses. As he goes out he encounters the Englishman who half turns and looks at him. Exit RASTELLI in haste.)

SACCHI. Your Royal Highness's Agent, Mr. Vizard.

(MR. VIZARD stands and bows. Exit SACCHI.)

CAROLINE. Pray speak, sir. You have come . . . ?

VIZARD. From England, Madam. I have grave news.

CAROLINE. Yes, yes! Do not be too slow!

VIZARD. Madam, I come under official instruction, and much that I have to communicate must be private.

CAROLINE. You may retire, Oldi. . . . Bergami, will you oblige me? . . . Do not go far, my friends, I beg of you!

(Exeunt OLDI through small door to left, BERGAMI to right. CAROLINE seats herself.)

VIZARD. Your Majesty . . .

CAROLINE. Ah!

VIZARD. That word informs your Majesty of an event which took place ten days ago. On the day following, I received instruction from your Majesty's commissioners,

from Mr. Brougham and his colleagues, to come instantly and acquaint your Majesty with the full facts.

CAROLINE. To tell me that I am Queen?

VIZARD. That, Madam, is without question. But it is impossible to disguise from your Majesty that I am the bearer of other news far more grave — far more painful. . . . Should your Majesty — in consequence of this event — proceed to any step — I mean any change of locality — your Majesty's enemies will at once take action.

CAROLINE. What sort of action, my friend?

VIZARD. Action, Madam, which will include, in legal parlance, the suborning of witnesses.

CAROLINE. Oh, poor things! Will it hurt them?

VIZARD. It may hurt your Majesty.

CAROLINE. Please explain.

VIZARD. I came here through Milan.

CAROLINE. The longer way.

VIZARD. I had reason. . . . (CAROLINE motions him to a seat.) Has your Majesty heard of a certain Colonel Brown, now living in Milan, commissioner to the English Government?

CAROLINE. No, sir: he has not paid any attention to me.

VIZARD. Pardon me, Madam, he is paying you very great attention. . . . He has for adviser one Vilmacarti, an Italian advocate, and as his coadjutor — if I am rightly informed, your Majesty's *friend* the Baron Omp-teda.

CAROLINE. Do you mean —?

VIZARD. Your Majesty recently had occasion to dismiss certain persons from your service?

CAROLINE. Oh! if they had not lied so!

VIZARD. Had they stolen?

CAROLINE. Just a little.

VIZARD. When I was in Milan two of these persons were reported to me as having been seen at the house of Colonel Brown.



CAROLINE. What a curious man! You mean he wanted to know things about me?

VIZARD. Yes.

CAROLINE. What sort of things?

VIZARD. Ah! your Majesty will understand that I am a stranger.

CAROLINE. Please to make yourself quite at home.

VIZARD. I will make myself quite plain, Madam. As I entered just now, I met someone dressed as a Courier. . . . How long has that man been in your Majesty's service?

CAROLINE. He arrived only to-day.

VIZARD. Madam, I saw him yesterday coming from the house of Colonel Brown.

CAROLINE. Then you mean that my husband has put spies on me?

VIZARD. As to that, Madam, I can say nothing.

(CAROLINE rings : enter SACCHI.)

CAROLINE. Send to me the Courier — instantly!

SACCHI. Your Highness, the Courier has already started.

(VIZARD rises, looking hard at SACCHI.)

CAROLINE. When did he go?

SACCHI. Immediately on quitting your Highness.

CAROLINE. Ah! . . . Sacchi, swear to me that *you* are honest!

SACCHI. Has your Highness had reason to doubt me?

CAROLINE. No, no, of course not! you, you I can trust! Now, listen to me, Sacchi, that Courier that has gone with my letters, he is a thief, he is not honest. Ride after him, quick, quick, and bring them back to me! Do this, my Sacchi, and you shall be well rewarded!

SACCHI. Principessa, I will go instantly!

(Exit SACCHI.)

VIZARD. H'm! Is that a man your Majesty can trust?

CAROLINE. I have nursed him when he was ill.

VIZARD. Madam, were those letters important?

CAROLINE. They were to rather important people.

VIZARD. They will not reach their destination.

CAROLINE. So that is what your English Government is doing? . . . Have you any more news for me?

VIZARD. Madam, I have. . . . On the day of the King's death, an agent of the Government called upon your Majesty's Attorney, Mr. Brougham, to put before him a proposition with regard to your Majesty. . . .

CAROLINE. Yes, I am listening.

VIZARD. Though informally presented, they undertake to be bound by it, in the event of your Majesty's acceptance.

CAROLINE. Well?

VIZARD. Having in view the complete separation which has existed for so many years between yourself and His Majesty, the Government is prepared, so long as you, Madam, remain abroad, to secure to your Majesty a grant of £50,000 per annum, together with the full recognition of your Majesty's royal title in both Houses of Parliament.

CAROLINE. (*With deliberation.*) If I remain abroad?

VIZARD. And in that event we are assured that your Majesty's *liberty* will in no way be — questioned — or enquired into.

CAROLINE. And if I — do not — remain abroad?

VIZARD. Then the grant will terminate, and Colonel Brown's operations will take effect. . . . To be precise — a Bill of Pains and Penalties will be brought before Parliament, depriving your Majesty of all the emoluments, privileges and honours of your Royal Title, and further pronouncing a dissolution of the union between yourself and His Majesty the King. That, Madam, is the alternative: and that is their offer.

CAROLINE. And do you call that, my friend, a good offer?

VIZARD. As to that no one but your Majesty can decide.

CAROLINE. So! When they set spies—it was to frighten me?

VIZARD. Perhaps only to incline your Majesty to their wishes.

CAROLINE. I see. . . . Have you more news still?

VIZARD. Nothing, Madam, of equal consequence. I have said that on these terms your Majesty's title will be recognised in both Houses of Parliament. Elsewhere we are not offered the same satisfaction. . . . On the day after the King's death an order was issued in Council making the necessary alterations in the public form of prayer for the King and for the Royal Family. . . . I regret to have to inform your Majesty that under that order your Majesty's name has been omitted.

CAROLINE. You mean that I am not any longer to be prayed for?

VIZARD. That I regret to say has been the decision.

CAROLINE. That my name is no more to be heard anywhere in England? . . . So! . . . They think they can make of me 'that foreign woman'! Oldi! Oldi!

*(Enter OLDI.)*

OLDI. Madam?

CAROLINE. Come to me, quick! Where is Bergami? Where are all my friends? Tell them to come in!

VIZARD. Madam! I implore your Majesty!

CAROLINE. Do not implore me! I will not listen to you any more. . . . I am Queen, and I will be obeyed!

*(She strikes several times on the bell. While she is speaking SERVANTS enter, then BERGAMI.)*

Oldi, do you hear what they have done? They have cut me out of their prayer-book. I am not to be prayed for any more! They are to take me out of their hearts—though I am alive!

VIZARD. Madam! Madam!

CAROLINE. . . . And why? Why? Because my hus-

band has preferred living with other women: that is why! . . . *He* might go and kiss all his women. But I — I am not to kiss anybody! No! That is not allowed! . . . I am to live starved, with my heart all locked up — hungry, hungry! . . . Ah! mein Gott! I wonder I have not kissed everybody that was kind enough to come near me! . . . The first time that ever *he* came — that fine husband of mine — he held his nose at me and cried: “Brandy, brandy!” And for him it has been “brandy, brandy” ever since! . . . All these years they have made *me* pay for *him*. Now . . . *he shall pay too!*

VIZARD. Madam, I do entreat you!

CAROLINE. Listen to me, everybody! I have done with being — patient now. . . . They drove me out of the country with their proud ways; they would not look at me: . . . they put me on a man-of-war, and sent me away with a royal salute, because they were so glad to get rid of me. I wanted to have my child, but they took my child from me. In your laws the father may do anything — the child is his: it does not belong to the mother at all!

VIZARD. Madam!

CAROLINE. They made her forget me: when I wrote to her I got no answer: she was not allowed to write to me — I was only her mother! But *he* wrote: yes! — what was that to say? — “Go and live your own life, and I will live mine!” A fine thing — that — to say to any woman!

VIZARD. Ah! Madam, Madam!

CAROLINE. And that is what he has done ever since. . . . What business has he to ask *me anything* — *anything!* . . . I went away, I travelled: and wherever I went they told tales against me. . . . My little daughter grew up. . . . When they married her, I was not to know! . . . And when she died, I was not to hear. . . . When my little married daughter died in childbed — it was only in the papers that I read the news. . . . No one came to tell

the mother that her child was dead. . . . Oh! do you wonder that she died — afraid to become a mother in a country which takes from a mother all her natural right? And now to punish me, and to keep me away, they have made of me that *thing* that is no longer to be prayed for! . . . But I will do something that they did not expect! I will go *back* to them! *Yes! I will go back, I will go back!*

*(She breaks down into passionate weeping.)*

OLDI. Ah! Madam, Madam! You will break my heart! . . . Send them away Bergami, send them away!

BERGAMI. Go, go all of you!

*(Exeunt SERVANTS. VIZARD makes a gesture as if to say, "Thank God! That's over!")*

BERGAMI. Monsieur would doubtless wish for some refreshment after his journey? Would it not be well?

*(OLDI watches BERGAMI suspiciously.)*

VIZARD. Yes, yes.

BERGAMI. If Monsieur will allow me to conduct him.

*(Exeunt VIZARD and BERGAMI.)*

CAROLINE. *(After a time, recovering.)* Where is Bergami? Do not let him go till he has seen me.

OLDI. Madam, it is already close on noon.

CAROLINE. Send him to me!

*(Exit OLDI: the QUEEN sits alone — waiting. Re-enter BERGAMI with hat and cloak.)*

So you are going, Bergami?

BERGAMI. Principessa, it is time: there are things which must needs be attended to.

CAROLINE. I was not complaining, Bergami. . . . When did you mean to come back?

BERGAMI. *(With constraint.)* If your Highness should ever need me, you have but to send word.

CAROLINE. I am to be Queen now, Bergami.

BERGAMI. It is a rank your Highness will adorn.

CAROLINE. It means I shall go back to England. *(She watches to see the effect of her words.)* . . . It is good-bye,

Bergami. . . . You will remember your — Mistress, Bergami?

BERGAMI. My devotion lies always at her feet.

(CAROLINE works her hands feverishly, opening and shutting them as if wanting to grasp.)

CAROLINE. And is that — all — you have to say?

BERGAMI. (*First impulsively, then checking himself.*)

Oh! Principessa, cara mia! — How can I trust myself to speak?

CAROLINE. There is no one to hear — but me.

BERGAMI. Ah! can one ever be sure of that?

CAROLINE. You were not always so cautious, Bergami.

BERGAMI. By experience one grows wise.

CAROLINE. (*Resignedly.*) We will be wise, then, Bergami. . . . So, it is good-bye.

(*Knocking is heard: BERGAMI pauses in his advance to the QUEEN, making no haste to seize what may be a last opportunity. The QUEEN gives up hope: her tone changes to impatience and false gaiety as the knocking is repeated.*)

CAROLINE. Yes, yes! Enter! . . . We are not talking any secrets here! Go, Bergami, go!

(*Enter OLDI followed by SACCHI.*)

What is it, Oldi? What do you want?

OLDI. Ah, Madam, the Courier — the letters! Our honest Sacchi rode after him; see, he has brought them all back. . . . (*She gives the package.*) And the seal is not broken.

(*As CAROLINE handles it the seal unfastens: she draws out folded newspaper. OLDI screams.*)

CAROLINE. Do not make so much noise, Oldi, all about nothing! What does it matter who has the letters now? . . . My good Sacchi, I thank you for the trouble you have taken. . . . It is not your fault — this. . . . He was very clever, that man. . . . Good-bye, Bergami, it is time that you were starting — Good-bye!

(*She offers him her hand. BERGAMI approaches and drops on one knee. As he is about to kiss, he turns her hand quickly and presses the palm to his lips. He goes out hastily, giving his sister a quick squeeze of the hand as he passes and a murmured "Addio, addio!"*)  
CAROLINE catches to her own lips the hand he has kissed. *She totters and sways.*)

OLDI. Go, Sacchi, you may go! (*Exit SACCHI.*)

CAROLINE. Ah, Oldi, he has left me! And he has not said a word! . . . Oldi, Oldi, say that *you* were fond of me, — that you did not deceive me, coming here to be my friend. . . . No, no, don't kiss my hands! . . . Here! Oldi, here! (*They embrace.*) . . . I am not a bad woman, Oldi; — they may say what they like! . . . Ah, God, I shall go out of my mind, I think, losing all my friends in one day! . . . Your brother, he goes now for good and all! And you, you, Oldi. — I cannot afford to keep friends any more. . . . You will think of me sometimes, Oldi? — all Europe will hear the news when I become Queen. And you — you will pray for me, will you not? The English, they will not pray for me any more: but the Italian people are more kind. . . . There, go, Oldi! I tell you to go!

OLDI. I am coming with you, Madam.

CAROLINE. (*Slowly and deliberately.*) With a dead woman, Oldi, with a dead woman! . . . I think that this has been the last day of my life!

CURTAIN

## ACT II

### SCENE I

*(Entrance to the House of Lords. To the right, placed diagonally, is an arched doorway leading down steps into street, at which stand doorkeepers with staves. Towards the left is a doorway in the drop-scene leading up two steps to an inner lobby. Messengers and reporters descend from the inner lobby and pass hurriedly into the street whence come sounds of a crowd. From the street a clerk (VIZARD, JUNIOR) approaches; the doorkeepers bar the way.)*

VIZARD, JUN. It's all right, man, I have a pass.

DOORKEEPER. Whom for?

VIZARD, JUN. Solicitors for the defence.

USHER. *(Putting his head round doorway from lobby.)*

Adjournment!

*(More people come from lobby and pass into street. Enter with them VIZARD, SENIOR.)*

VIZARD. Oh! There you are! Well?

VIZARD, JUN. I reached Dover, sir, just after the packet had started. Here is the list of passengers.

VIZARD. But we don't know what name he may have gone under!

VIZARD, JUN. No, sir, but I made enquiries; our man is on board right enough: — Courier — dark — Italian-looking, with a Foreign Office permit.

VIZARD. Good! *(Takes document and makes note on it.)*

VIZARD, JUN. How are things going, sir?

VIZARD. Never saw such an exhibition in my life! The moment Brougham gets hold of them, their evidence is n't worth a song.

*(Peers, Barristers, &c., begin to pass out.)*



They had a witness up this morning who knew his piece all off by heart, every detail, pat — the most damning evidence you ever heard.

VIZARD, JUN. Which was he, sir?

VIZARD. That fellow Majochi — mad jockey they call him outside! — answered every question almost before it was put to him. When Brougham starts on him his memory goes — knows nothing! — It's 'non mi ricordo' to everything, then.

VIZARD, JUN. 'Non' what, sir?

VIZARD. 'Non mi ricordo' that's their Italian lingo — meaning in plain English 'Devil knows but won't tell!' It's the only true word the fellow's got to say. And the others are all of a piece. That Courier chap 'Rascally' or whatever he calls himself — he was just the same. When Brougham let him go yesterday he could hardly crawl — no wonder he bolted.

(LORD LIVERPOOL *passes attended by others.* VIZARD *turns and looks after him.*)

VIZARD, JUN. Who was that, sir?

VIZARD. Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister. Ah, you've not been here before? (*Sounds of 'booing' from without.*) You see, he's not popular. (*Two LORDS pass.*) There go Lord King and Lord Carnarvon — Queen's men — and here comes the Duke of Gloucester — Royalty — you must take your hat off. (DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *passes.*)

VIZARD, JUN. What 'Silly-Billy'? — he's a Queen's man, too, is n't he, sir?

VIZARD. Mainly to pay 'em back for nick-naming him — so I've been told. The King is furious, — won't speak to him.

(*Genial cheers from the crowd as 'Silly Billy' passes out.*)

VIZARD, JUN. But the witnesses, sir. Are n't any of 'em telling the truth?

VIZARD. It's not a question of truth, my son! The thing is it has all been so bought and paid for, and cooked and re-cooked, that it comes away from the bones directly you touch it. Their witnesses are n't human beings any longer — they are automata — till Brougham gets hold of them.

*(Enter a posse of tip-staffs from inner lobby, followed by Italian witnesses.)*

VIZARD, JUN. Hello, what's all this?

VIZARD. Tip-staffs, come to see the foreign witnesses safe home to their dinners and back again. Here comes the whole gang of them — that's Barbara Kraus, in front with Du Mont, that Mariette Vrend, that's Sacchi.

*(The tip-staffs arrange themselves as bodyguard: one goes to the door and looks out. The crowd begins 'booing'.)*

DU MONT. Che paese da cani! La gente per bone non puo ander pe fatte suoi senza rischiar la pelle!

MARIETTE. Oh! non fossi mai venuto!

SACCHI. Ah, courage! Marietta, avrai presto di che rallegranti!

MARIETTE. Dobbiamo scandere fra tutta quella folla?

SACCHI. I nostri protettori ce lo renderamo sicuro!

*(The witnesses go out attended by the tip-staffs. Cries greet them of 'Down with the foreign witnesses!' 'Down with false witness and perjury!')*

VIZARD, JUN. Well, sir, from what I hear, it's like that all over the country.

VIZARD. Wonderful is n't it?

VIZARD, JUN. What does it all mean, sir? She did n't use to be so popular.

VIZARD. Wheels within wheels, my boy. The Government has been too long in power, and the country is hungering for Reform. I need n't keep you. I must wait for Mr. Brougham.

*(Exit VIZARD, JUN.)*

(Enter MAJOCHI from lobby hastily.)

MAJOCHI. The other witnesses — have they gone?

VIZARD. What witnesses?

MAJOCHI. The Italian witnesses — the witnesses of your gracious Majesty, the King.

VIZARD. Oh yes: they've gone, through that door yonder. Go and put your nose out and see if it rains.

(MAJOCHI goes to the entrance.)

CROWD. (Outside.) 'Down with the false witness Majochi!' 'Death to Majochi!'

(MAJOCHI returns cowed.)

VIZARD. You don't seem very popular out there, my friend!

MAJOCHI. Oh, it is a calumny! And besides — I must go! I have not yet had my food — I have not eat anything.

VIZARD. Eat your own words, my friend, you'll have enough to swallow then.

(A man from the crowd approaches the door, — is stopped by doorkeepers.)

DOORKEEPER. Here! What's your business?

MAN. I'm an Englishman!

DOORKEEPER. Not enough, that; — keep outside!

MAN. I want to have a word with that damned foreigner you've got in there.

DOORKEEPER. Off with you!

(THEY throw the man down; the crowd 'boos'.)

MAJOCHI. (To VIZARD.) Oh, legal gentleman, can you not help me to get out? Is there no other way?

(Enter the ATTORNEY GENERAL, the SOLICITOR GENERAL, MR. PARK and MR. POWELL.)

VIZARD. Go to your own side, my friend! Ask the Gentlemen of the Prosecution. There they are — go and tell them you are hungry.

MAJOCHI. (Approaching the ATTORNEY GENERAL's party.) Gentlemen, I have lost my friends, it seems they have gone

before me. . . . I am without any refreshment. . . . Can you not conduct me?

*(They pass, absolutely ignoring him. The crowd 'boos' as they go out: yells of execration greet the sight of MAJOCHI following behind them. He shrinks back along the wall toward the lobby door.)*

*(Enter QUEEN'S COUNSEL, DENMAN and LUSHINGTON.)*

DENMAN. Say? We shall say that he was packed off by the Agents of the Prosecution to escape further cross-examination.

LUSHINGTON. That will give Brougham an opportunity after his own heart.

*(They go out, the crowd cheers.)*

*(Enter BROUGHAM.)*

MAJOCHI. *(Starting back.)* No, no! Do not hit me!

*(BROUGHAM sails magnificently past him.)*

VIZARD. Mr. Brougham, sir, I have just learned that our information was correct. *(He offers paper.)*

*(BROUGHAM makes a lordly gesture of not requiring it, and passes out, swelling and pavoning as he goes. The crowd cheers enthusiastically.)*

MAJOCHI. That man is a Devil! he is not a man at all! All this morning he has been biting my head off: and now I am not to have anything to eat, though I am starving!

*(Enter DICKENSON from inner lobby hastily colliding with MAJOCHI: MAJOCHI cringes and slips back into inner lobby.)*

DICKENSON. Mr. Brougham. Mr. Brougham!

VIZARD. Too late, Dickenson, he's gone. He won't let anyone spoil *his* exits.

DICKENSON. Hullo, Vizard! *(VIZARD hands him document.)* Oh, Dover? that's all right? Well, here's more bobbery, now.

VIZARD. Eh?

DICKENSON. The Queen's coming to the House to hear the witnesses!

VIZARD. Good God! It's impossible!

DICKENSON. Morally, of course! But once she's said a thing no one can move her. And as Defendant they can't very well keep her out.

VIZARD. But, great Heavens! we shall have the mob in! They'll rush the House! Has notice been given to the authorities?

DICKENSON. No: and without Brougham's orders I dare n't do it. I can't swear that he'd wish 'em to know.

VIZARD. No, if you can't see Brougham first, better say nothing. That blackguard the Duke of Cumberland is coming down too, so I hear. Like as not, if they meet, he'll insult her. How do you think things are going?

DICKENSON. Oh! for Brougham — excellently, nothing could be better: he's making himself more popular every day and he's knocking over the Government single-handed. For the Queen — not so well: she may win her case, but she'll lose her reputation — what's left of it. As for the King — in my opinion he may think himself devilish lucky if he gets into his crown without a revolution. . . . In any case, next Government we shall see Brougham Lord Chancellor.

VIZARD. And all this from the damned obstinacy of one woman.

DICKENSON. You would n't have had her plead guilty?

VIZARD. I'd have had her keep out of the country. I did my best. . . . Fifty-thousand a year, the recognition of both Houses of Parliament, and no questions asked! — What more did the woman want?

DICKENSON. My dear fellow, you must n't expect reason from a woman! Come, I'm going to get my luncheon.

## ACT II

### SCENE 2

*(The House of Lords. To the right on a raised floor behind a barrier sit the COUNSEL for Prosecution and Defence : on a line with these on a lower level down stage is the witness box occupying the extreme right-hand corner. In front of Counsel on the floor of the House behind the cross-benches is a seat for the Queen. To the extreme left sits the LORD CHANCELLOR supported by JUDGES in front and below him. Between the table and Counsel are two or three rows of cross-benches. The whole of the back of the stage is filled by benches both on the floor and in the gallery above, occupied by lords. Under the gallery immediately below the bar is an exit, and another in the extreme back right-hand corner behind COUNSEL. When the Scene opens the LORD CHANCELLOR, JUDGES, COUNSEL, and the majority of the LORDS are already in their places. Others enter as the action goes on. BROUGHAM sits ostentatiously busy with his papers giving ear now and again to the whispered communications of his colleagues. He sends a note by an USHER to LORD CARNARVON sitting on the cross-benches ; he reads it, shows surprise, turns and nods to BROUGHAM — who bows ceremoniously — then communicates with LORD KING: they hold animated conversation. Meanwhile the ATTORNEY GENERAL has risen and is speaking.)*

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My Lords, before your lordships proceed to the further examination of our witnesses there is a point of immediate and pressing importance which I wish to bring before the consideration of your lordships.

I speak as to the safety and protection of those foreign witnesses whom we have brought over to this country for the purposes of this enquiry. It will be within the recollection of your lordships that on the landing of those witnesses at Dover a few days ago, certain disturbances took place, artfully promoted for political ends, though wearing, I am willing to admit, every appearance of spontaneous and popular demonstration. In the course of those disturbances some of our witnesses were so badly handled that upon the first opportunity they fled the country in terror, and were with difficulty persuaded to return.

*(Enter the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND with a nonchalant and rather bullying air; he is greeted with deference by several noble lords as he passes to a seat on the front cross-bench where the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER is already seated.)*

Among these the COURIER RASTELLI, who was examined before your lordships yesterday, was set upon and maltreated, not only at Dover, but also upon his arrival in London.

CUMBERLAND. *(As he passes the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.)*  
Hullo, Silly-Billy, that you?

*(Outside cheering is heard.)*

ATTORNEY GENERAL. The very respectable witness Theodore Majochi, who is still before your lordships, has already deposed that owing to the popular tumult he was forced to leave the country tied up in a sack, and to return concealed in a trunk. And I now come from being informed that on account of the threatening attitude of the crowd, which even now stands outside the august precincts of this House, he was unable, upon your lordships' adjournment, to go forth and obtain the refreshment of which he stood sorely in need. I cannot disguise from your lordship —

BLACK ROD. My Lords, I have to announce to your lordships' House Her Majesty the Queen.

(Enter CAROLINE.)

(The LORDS rise with various degrees of deference and alacrity: only the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND remains seated.)

CUMBERLAND. (To DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.) What are you getting up for? Have n't you got any royal blood in you?

(The QUEEN advances with great dignity and seats herself after curtesying to the assembled Lords.)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Continue, Mr. Attorney General.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. I was saying, my Lords, that I cannot disguise from your lordships that unless the safety of our witnesses can be secured, it will be impossible for the Prosecution to place before your lordships those facts, of an undeniably painful nature, which are necessary for the presentation of our case. I must therefore beg your lordships to provide for our witnesses such security from molestation and such freedom of access to the bar of this House that the ends of Justice may not be endangered or delayed.

BROUGHAM. My lords, as regards the general purport of my learned friend's application I have, I need hardly say, nothing counter to urge. Should your lordships see fit to give orders for the streets and approaches to this House to be lined with the forces of the Militia, or, as might still more appropriately be done, with the troops of His Majesty's Household Guard, I should regard it as in every way a fitting recognition of the coming and going through our midst of that august Lady who now honours your lordships' House by her presence, and shall rejoice to see daily accorded to Her Majesty by the forces of His Majesty's enlistment that royal salute which is her due — but which was not accorded at her late arrival (*pauses*) upon these shores.

CUMBERLAND. (*Sotto voce.*) Is the damned fellow talking at me, eh?



BROUGHAM. And I am convinced that such public recognition will do much to appease the popular mind, and allay that tempest of righteous indignation against these proceedings in your lordships' House, which is now shaking this land — aye, and that throne, which I pray may ever stand with it indissolubly united — to their very foundations.

CUMBERLAND. Damned sedition and treason, I call that!

BROUGHAM. But when my learned friend, under cover of this application, sees fit to convey a charge of political intrigue against those whose duty is to defend innocency and defeat outrage and injustice — then, my Lords, I do venture most emphatically to protest and to hurl back the imputation. Whatever may have been done upon the other side — and that, in all its dark obscurities and tortuous concealments I leave to the tribunal of their own consciences — this I say without fear of contradiction, that no money has been spent by us — no, not one penny — to secure the popular applause, or to open or shut the mouths of witnesses. And I say further that our foreign witnesses — and we shall have many to bring before your lordships — are able to disembark freely on these shores, and to go unharmed though recognised, through our public streets. Let it be understood, therefore, that for them we need no protection, — save such as is voluntarily extended in this country of Liberty to those who come, as strangers in our midst to defend the cause of the unjustly assailed, of the grievously afflicted, and of the tyrannously oppressed.

CUMBERLAND. Pooh!

(DENMAN goes to the QUEEN.)

LORD CHANCELLOR. The application of the learned Attorney General refers to facts which are notorious to your lordships' House, and calls for no comment. You may take it, Mr. Attorney General, that your application will be attended to.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My lord, I am greatly obliged.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Does the learned Counsel for the Defence wish further to cross-examine the last witness?

BROUGHAM. With your lordship's permission.

(DENMAN has engaged the QUEEN in conversation when MAJOCHI'S name is called in the outer corridor. Enter MAJOCHI: he scrapes his way to the witness box. An interpreter comes and stands beside him.)

And, my lords, I wish humbly to give notice, for the convenience of my learned friends, that I may presently have to ask for the recall of the witness Rastelli who was examined before your lordships yesterday.

(Movement of perturbation among SOLICITORS and COUNSEL for the prosecution. DR. LUSHINGTON coughs, BROUGHAM busies himself with his papers.)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Yes, Mr. Brougham? The witness and the interpreter are both waiting.

BROUGHAM. Ah! pardon me, my Lord. But my Lords, have we further need of an interpreter for a witness who has already —

CAROLINE. (Who has turned to look at witness, rising suddenly.) Majochi! Ah, no, no!

DENMAN. Your Majesty must keep silence!

CAROLINE. Majochi!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Order! Order!

CUMBERLAND. Yes, quite right, Chancellor — Order! Order!

DENMAN. If your Majesty wishes to remain, it is absolutely imperative —

CAROLINE. (Sinking back into her chair, and speaking below her breath.) Majochi!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Continue, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. I was about to remark, my Lords, that as this witness understands English and can speak it, we are wasting time by employing an interpreter.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Nevertheless as the witness has

hitherto preferred answering in his own tongue, I fear that some of us may still require a certain amount of linguistic assistance.

BROUGHAM. I ask pardon. It had escaped my apprehension that any such aid could possibly be required by your lordships. (*To WITNESS.*) You said, Mr. Majochi, that you left Her Majesty's service three years ago. Where did you go immediately after quitting Her Majesty's service?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

INTERPRETER. I do not remember.

BROUGHAM. I think your lordships are by now sufficiently familiar with that answer to dispense with the interpretation. The witness began by showing an extraordinary memory, he now shows a still more extraordinary forgetfulness.

LORD CHANCELLOR. The learned Counsel's comments will be more in place at a later stage.

BROUGHAM. I put it to you that you first went to Milan, and from there to Vienna.

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si, si — mi ricordo.

INTERPRETER. Ah, yes, yes —

BROUGHAM. (*Interrupting.*) After you left Her Majesty's service how did you support yourself?

(DENMAN, *after a whispered colloquy with the QUEEN, returns to his place.*)

MAJOCHI. Col mio denaro.

INTERPRETER. With my own money.

BROUGHAM. How long did your money last?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Who gave you money in Vienna?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My Lord, I object. The question assumes — what has not been proved in evidence — that money *was* given to the witness in Vienna.

BROUGHAM. Did anyone give you money in Vienna?

MAJOCHI. Col-on-el Brown.

BROUGHAM. Were you in his service?

MAJOCHI. No.

BROUGHAM. Were you his private friend?

MAJOCHI. No.

BROUGHAM. In whose house were you then staying?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Was it with Lord Stewart, the English Ambassador?

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si!

LORD CHANCELLOR. (*Taking note.*) With whom, did you say, Mr. Brougham?

BROUGHAM. Lord Stewart, my Lord — now His Majesty's Ambassador in Paris.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah, yes.

BROUGHAM. I want to take you back now, Mr. Majochi, to the polacca, — you remember the polacca — the voyage on the polacca?

MAJOCHI. Ah, si, si!

BROUGHAM. Now, on that voyage, you say that Her Majesty always slept in a tent on deck?

MAJOCHI. Yes, I have said it.

BROUGHAM. Were you yourself ever ill during the voyage?

MAJOCHI. When I am on board a ship, I am always unwell.

BROUGHAM. When you were unwell, where did you use to be?

MAJOCHI. Giu: nella stiva.

INTERPRETER. Down below, in the hold.

BROUGHAM. You slept in the hold?

MAJOCHI. Yes.

BROUGHAM. When you saw the tent put up for Her Majesty, were you the only person then on deck?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Were there no sailors on board this ship?

MAJOCHI. Oh, si, si!

BROUGHAM. Did they never come on deck?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Did they always remain below in the hold with you?

MAJOCHI. At night: yes.

BROUGHAM. Do you mean that the ship was left to go alone during the whole of the night without sailors on deck?

MAJOCHI. I do not know how the ship went. I only know that I was unwell.

BROUGHAM. How many sailors were there on board this ship?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Were there two, or four?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Will you swear there were not twenty-two?

MAJOCHI. I cannot.

BROUGHAM. So — whether there were two sailors on board or twenty-two, you don't take on yourself to remember?

MAJOCHI. No.

BROUGHAM. Was there a captain on board?

MAJOCHI. Yes, yes.

BROUGHAM. Any other officers?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Who else slept in the place where you slept?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Where did the other liveried servants sleep?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Where did Bergami sleep?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. How many masts had the vessel?

MAJOCHI. Three. (*After a pause.*)

BROUGHAM. Now, the only time in the whole voyage when you were sufficiently well to go up on deck at night, there was nobody on deck outside the tent except yourself?

MAJOCHI. I saw nobody.

BROUGHAM. There was nobody steering?

MAJOCHI. I did not see anybody.

BROUGHAM. Now, if the steerman's place had been within three or four feet of the tent — you would have seen him?

MAJOCHI. I did not see him. . . . I did not *see* anybody: I only heard.

BROUGHAM. But if anyone else had been on deck within three or four feet of the tent, they would have heard also what *you* heard?

MAJOCHI. I do not know whether other people would have heard the same thing that I heard.

BROUGHAM. Ah! Very possibly not! . . . Now let us come back to — Milan: — No, no, first let us come back to Leghorn. It was there, six months ago, that you met the Courier Rastelli coming from the Princess's residence? Did he make any communication to you?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. Did he mention Colonel Brown to you?

MAJOCHI. Perhaps yes — perhaps no.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Does your lordship think a conversation with Rastelli can be received as evidence?

LORD CHANCELLOR. If it should appear that Rastelli had offered him money to come as a witness — Rastelli having denied that he made any such offer — I think it can.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. I submit, my Lord, that in the first instance Rastelli should have been cross-examined to this particular conversation; and, that not having been done the question is not allowable.

LORD CHANCELLOR. I apprehend that a question could be put in this way — Whether the witness knew that

Rastelli had offered him inducement to come here as a witness.

BROUGHAM. Did Rastelli offer you money to go before the Milan Commissioners?

MAJOCHI. He said that if the Queen had not paid me all that she owed me he would see that I *was* paid.

BROUGHAM. Did Rastelli say what you were to do in order to be paid?

MAJOCHI. He told me if I had anything to say against Her Highness, they would be glad to hear of it in Milan.

(DENMAN *passes up note to BROUGHAM who pauses to read it.*)

BROUGHAM. As a matter of fact did you, two days later, arrive in Milan?

MAJOCHI. Si.

BROUGHAM. Who paid for your journey?

MAJOCHI. I paid it with my own money.

BROUGHAM. Had you saved money?

MAJOCHI. Just a little.

BROUGHAM. In the Princess's service?

MAJOCHI. I had a hundred lire.

BROUGHAM. From the Princess's service?

MAJOCHI. Si, si.

BROUGHAM. And that took you to Milan?

MAJOCHI. Yes.

(CAROLINE *gets up and goes quietly out. The Lords half rise from their seats as she goes.*)

BROUGHAM. In Milan did you again see Rastelli?

MAJOCHI. Questo non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. At Milan, on that occasion, did anyone give you money?

MAJOCHI. Ricordo di no: mi ricordo che non. . . . Non so. . . . Piu no que si. . . . Non mi ricordo.

INTERPRETER. I remember that they did not: I don't know: Rather no than yes. . . . I don't remember.

MAJOCHI. (To INTERPRETER.) Pah! (General laughter.)

BROUGHAM. (*Consulting note.*) Now, what had caused you to quit Her Highness' service?

MAJOCHI. Non mi ricordo.

BROUGHAM. If it is alleged that you were dismissed for theft — what is your answer?

MAJOCHI. I say that is a true falsehood.

BROUGHAM. Is it also a true falsehood that you took any of Her Highness' private papers?

MAJOCHI. I did not take any papers.

BROUGHAM. Or that you either sold or offered to sell them to any person whatsoever?

MAJOCHI. I never sold them to anyone.

BROUGHAM. You had them, but you did not sell them?

SEVERAL LORDS. No! No!

CUMBERLAND. (*Sotto voce.*) There he goes, putting lies into the man's mouth!

BROUGHAM. I appeal to your lordships to know if I have fallen into any irregularity?

OTHER LORDS. No, no: go on!

BROUGHAM. Your lordships must be aware that any symptom of your lordships' displeasure must necessarily have great weight with me, and be calculated to distract my attention from the serious duty which I have to perform.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Proceed, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. Did you ever entreat any person of Her Majesty's Household to have compassion on your miserable situation after you had left her service?

MAJOCHI. I have never been in a miserable situation until now — when I can get nothing to eat!

BROUGHAM. Will you swear that you never entreated anyone of the suite of Her Royal Highness to take pity or to have compassion on you after you had left her service?

MAJOCHI. On what account to have compassion on me?

BROUGHAM. That, sir, is a question and not an answer. Answer the question!



MAJOCHI. It may be that I once have. You have no right to that which I do not choose to tell! Non mi ricordo!

BROUGHAM. My Lords, I have done with this witness, for the present. (*Exit MAJOCHI.*) I have now to ask your lordships to recall Rastelli the Courier, in order that he may be further examined on the point where his evidence stands questioned by the last witness.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My Lords, I most strenuously object! I must point out to your lordships that my learned friend concluded his cross-examination yesterday: and at no point was he able to bring out any proof of agency for the Milan Commission. Unless that agency can be independently established, it is, I conceive, highly irregular for our witness to be recalled merely with reference to a conversation between him and the last witness.

BROUGHAM. I must remind your lordships of the difficulties which we of the Defence have to contend against. From the beginning of these proceedings the Government, in their wisdom, have refused us a list of their witnesses, or even the heads of the charges they are going to bring against us; and you, my lords, have supported them in that refusal.

CUMBERLAND. Quite right, too!

BROUGHAM. See, then, my lords, what now happens! A witness is sprung upon us — this creature Rastelli — this keyhole courier — whose name had not before been so much as breathed in our ears: and when, after all this advantage of suddenness and concealment, his evidence at the first touch of cross-examination reveals its suspicious origin — and when from later witnesses proof of his infamy and his perjured character is brought before your lordships — am I then to be told that I have not the right to recall him? Not though behind our backs, the promoters of this prosecution have been seeking — even to this hour — to obtain access by bribery and corruption to the papers

relating to Her Majesty's defence — not though by witness after witness —

LORD CHANCELLOR. I am sorry to interrupt the eloquence of the learned Counsel, but I apprehend that it will not be proper, without proof of agency, for the witness to be recalled.

(DENMAN *has handed an open copy of the proceedings to BROUGHAM, pointing to passage.*)

BROUGHAM. I submit, my Lord, that such agency has already been established, not through the last, but through a previous witness, Mariette Vrend. Mariette Vrend — if your lordship will turn to page 141 of the records of evidence — admitted under cross-examination that she gave papers belonging to Her Highness to the Courier Rastelli; that she was, on a later occasion, examined before Colonel Brown concerning them, and that for obtaining those papers she was rewarded by Baron Ompteda, through the hands of Vilmacarti. If Rastelli — who received them in the first instance — was not an agent of the Milan Commission, how did the Milan Commission come by them?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. I submit, my Lord, that even were the agency of Rastelli proved by this circumstance — whereas, to a legal mind, the hiatus remains obvious — I submit that the further examination of the witness which my learned friend calls for would still be irregular, seeing that there has arisen no real contradiction: Rastelli denying only that he had given money *as agent* for the Milan Commission. The Defence is therefore claiming the right of a second cross-examination, *ab initio*, which is not properly theirs.

BROUGHAM. On that last point, your lordships will bear in mind that owing to the difficulty to which I have referred, your lordships have felt constrained to allow us what, in a court of Justice, would no doubt be exceedingly irregular — the right namely to recall certain witnesses, for further examination. But before I proceed I would

wish to learn from the Attorney General whether the witness Rastelli is any longer accessible — whether, in short, he is still in this country?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Had not the learned gentleman better first satisfy their lordships of the necessity for calling him?

BROUGHAM. If the learned Attorney General will inform me that Rastelli is *not* in the country I need not trouble their lordships on the subject.

(*A Pause.*)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Has the learned Attorney General any assistance to offer us?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My Lords, Rastelli — so I am informed by Mr. Powell, Solicitor to the Prosecution, — was sent off last night as courier to Milan with despatches. (*Sensation.*)

CUMBERLAND. (*Sotto voce.*) Well, why not? Why should n't the fellow go? It's a free country!

BROUGHAM. Is it possible, my lords, that a person who has been brought within your lordships' jurisdiction, who was examined before your lordships only yesterday, has now been sent out of this country in the service of that confederacy of darkness and abomination — the Milan Commission?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. I entreat your lordships to hear me! . . . Mr. Brougham, my lords, put questions to the last witness, which I conceive he had no right to put — in order to furnish grounds for again calling Rastelli.

BROUGHAM. My learned friend must have seen that in the course of my examination of Rastelli I laid the foundation of his refutation and exposure. On what possible excuse, then, has he now been spirited away from the reach of Justice?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. I am advised, my lords, that in consequence of the disturbances at Dover, it became necessary to send reassurances to the friends of the wit-

nesses abroad and the only fitting person available for this purpose was Rastelli.

BROUGHAM. If that excuse, my lords, is to stand, — if witnesses are for such reasons to be sent out of the country — we come to an end of all security against false witness and perjury! . . . And how, my lords, am I to go on with this case under such circumstances? I must therefore beg for an immediate adjournment, in order that we of the Defence may consider the position in which we are now placed.

CUMBERLAND. Wants to go and beat up the mob, eh?

LORD CARNARVON. Surely, my lords, the facts which have just come out at the bar of your lordships' House, must convince even the most reluctant that these ill-omened proceedings should be brought to a speedy termination! Those facts are in themselves naked and monstrous. When at the commencement of this case it was contemplated that perjury might be committed by some of the witnesses, the learned Lord on the Treasury Bench declared that although the Government felt some difficulty in detaining foreigners, he would yet do all in his power to secure the ends of justice. But what do we now find? That one of these men, after giving evidence which may be perjured evidence, which almost certainly is bribed, evidence — has been, with scarcely a moment's delay, smuggled out of the country! And by whom? By the promoters of the Prosecution themselves! . . . I appeal to your lordships that in the face of so odious a transaction it is impossible to allow this case to go a step further. . . . I move, therefore, that this House do adjourn to this day six months. (*Cheers.*)

LORD LIVERPOOL. I trust, my lords, that it is unnecessary for me to declare that His Majesty's Government have had no part whatever in this act of deporting the witness, an act which I must confess is not only ill-judged but highly blameable. But I would entreat your lordships to con-

sider that any attempt at this stage to terminate our proceedings may be disastrous in the very opposite direction to that intended by the noble Lord who has just moved, — I mean more especially to the reputation of Her Majesty — which, until this House pronounces its judgment — it will I am sure be our chivalrous instinct to safeguard and defend. (*Hear! Hear!*)

LORD CHANCELLOR. My lords, there can be no doubt that the sending away of the witness was extremely ill-judged: and I cannot deny that an allowance must in future be made to the Queen's case for his present absence, since his examination upon a future day cannot be so beneficial as it would have been now. You are bound, therefore, my lords, to make a large and liberal allowance in all that may arise from this most untoward occurrence: but surely the worst of all forms of reparation would be to abandon our proceedings at the present stage. That, my lords, is not to be thought of! It must not be!

LORD KING. My lords, I rise to support the motion of my noble friend. In the course of these extraordinary proceedings, confusion has been heaped on confusion, — not only in the minds of Ministers who are the backers of this bill, but throughout the country at large. That confusion has now carried by assault the House in which we are sitting, and destroyed its last semblance, its last veiled pretence, to be regarded as a Court for the administration of justice. If, therefore, the motion of my noble friend fails to win your lordships' assent, I give notice that I shall move on the earliest possible occasion, —

LORD CHANCELLOR. I think that notice of any fresh motion at the present stage is somewhat irregular.

LORD KING. My notice of motion is irregular, my lords, because the whole of our proceedings are irregular. (*Cheers.*) The motion I shall move is this: That after the word "that" the enactment of the bill be thus altered: "And whereas certain commissioners acting at Milan

have collected and produced a mass of false or questionable evidence, whereby great scandal and dishonour have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this Kingdom — therefore to manifest our deep sense of such scandalous, disgraceful and vicious conduct on the part of the said Milan Commissioners, we your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons in Parliament assembled, do humbly entreat your Majesty that it may be enacted, and be it enacted hereby — that these persons the Commissioners at Milan, from and after the passing of this act, shall for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of receiving any reward (*laughter*) or holding any place of trust or emolument under the Crown." Thus, my lords, by leaving out the words "Caroline Amelia Elizabeth" and the other words which refer to Her Majesty, and introducing those here set forth, the bill will still be a bill of pains and penalties and will then be directed to its right and proper object.

*(Cheers and laughter.)*

LORD CHANCELLOR. The motion is that the House do now adjourn to this day six months.

LORD CARNARVON. My lords, at the request of the noble and learned lord on the Treasury Bench I beg to postpone my motion, in order that Mr. Powell, solicitor to the Prosecution, may be called and examined.

SEVERAL LORDS. Agreed, agreed!

*(MR. POWELL is called, enters the witness box and is sworn.)*

LORD GREY. Mr. Powell, you have been employed, I believe on the Milan Commission, and are now engaged in conducting the prosecution?

POWELL. That is so, my lord.

LORD GREY. You heard the examination of Rastelli in this House?

POWELL. I did, my lord.

LORD GREY. Was it at your instigation or advice that he has since been sent elsewhere?

POWELL. My lords, I recommended his being sent to Italy in order to reassure the friends of the witnesses who had been maltreated upon their arrival in this country. I thought it a mere act of humanity to do so. I had no other motive.

LORD GREY. When was he sent away?

POWELL. Last night, my lord, shortly after the adjournment.

LORD GREY. Was he under orders to return?

POWELL. Yes, my lord.

LORD GREY. Have you any means of enforcing his return, should he refuse?

POWELL. No, my lord.

LORD GREY. It did not occur to you as necessary?

POWELL. It did not, my lord.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Mr. Brougham, you wish to question this witness?

BROUGHAM. When you determined to send Rastelli out of the country, from motives of pure humanity, did you inform others of your intention?

POWELL. The witnesses who had friends in Milan.

BROUGHAM. Anyone else?

POWELL. I believe he was to call at the Foreign Office for despatches.

(LORD LIVERPOOL *looks uncomfortable.*)

BROUGHAM. You believe he was to call at the Foreign Office? Who told him to call?

POWELL. I told him.

BROUGHAM. Had you, then, informed the Government, — the Foreign Office, I mean?

POWELL. I had mentioned that he was to go as a courier.

BROUGHAM. To Milan?

POWELL. Yes, to Milan.

BROUGHAM. The Foreign Office then also, it seems, has business at Milan? Does the Foreign Office hold communication with the Milan Commissioners?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My lord, I object to that question.

LORD CHANCELLOR. I do not think that question arises.

BROUGHAM. Had Colonel Brown written for Rastelli to be sent out to Milan?

POWELL. My lord, is that a question I am bound to answer?

LORD CHANCELLOR. The witness cannot be called upon to disclose the terms of any confidential communication made to him as legal agent or adviser.

BROUGHAM. I am not enquiring as to terms, my lord, but only as to fact.

POWELL. I have received a letter from Colonel Brown relative to the sending of the witness to Milan.

BROUGHAM. Has he gone to Milan direct?

POWELL. I believe he has been directed, on his way, to take despatches to Lord Stewart in Paris.

BROUGHAM. Ah! To Lord Stewart, the Ambassador at whose house in Vienna the witness Majochi was living under the pay and protection of Colonel Brown! And these despatches for Lord Stewart are from the Foreign Office?

POWELL. Yes.

BROUGHAM. Thank you, Mr. Powell!

(POWELL leaves witness box.)

Pardon, my lords, there is one more question I wish to ask the witness.

(POWELL returns to witness box.)

Mr. Powell, who is your client or employer in these proceedings?

ATTORNEY GENERAL. My lord, I object.

LORD CHANCELLOR. The question cannot be allowed.



BROUGHAM. My lords, it is a very important question, and I have no object in putting it except for the purposes of strict justice. This is the first witness that has appeared at your lordship's bar who could give us any information upon this point. Is it not of great importance to know from this witness, the solicitor for the prosecution, who is his client, when we are acting as Counsel for a Defendant open and avowed? If I knew who that person was, might I not be able to bring forward documents, speeches and communications without number against him, highly important to the cause of my client? But up to this moment I have never been able to trace the local habitation — the name of the unknown being who is the plaintiff in these proceedings. I know not but it may vanish into thin air, I know not under what shape it exists: —

“If shape it might be called, that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, —  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed;  
For each seemed either. — Black it stood as night,  
Fierce as the furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on!”

*(Great sensation among LORDS.)*

CUMBERLAND. By Gad! the fellow deserves to be impeached!

BROUGHAM. If I could see it, I might interrogate it, and bring out of its mouth — if it has a mouth — who and what it is, and whether it be a man! But highly and vitally important though it be for my client to know her real accuser, and for me her advocate to put to him and his witnesses such questions as I am legally entitled to ask, and which I should have a right to insist on in any of the judiciary courts below, I am met at every step of my progress by — “You cannot ask this question!” “You must not put that question!” — till I know not in what direc-

tion to turn for the delivery of the truth! . . . My lords, at the present moment I can say no more. I am in your lordships' hands; and the proceedings which your lordships wish not to end here, may yet end from the mere fact that, under the restrictions now put upon it, the Defence can no longer proceed.

LORD CHANCELLOR. I regret under present circumstances to have to refuse to the Defence any indulgence it requires. But I am clear that this is a question which must not be asked. . . . If the learned Counsel wishes to withdraw and consult his colleagues the House will, I am sure, extend to his convenience.

BROUGHAM. I thank you, my lord.

CUMBERLAND. Going to tell his friends outside how badly we've treated him!

(*Exeunt* BROUGHAM, DENMAN and LUSHINGTON.)

LORD KING. In the absence of the learned Counsel, I conceive it may now be proper if I bring before the House that question of the regal succession to which reference has more than once been made in our debates. It will be within the recollection of your lordships that the Queen, as cousin as well as wife to our present Sovereign, is not remotely placed in the succession to the crown. If, therefore, it should ever devolve upon her, the well-known loyalty of your lordships must at once make you adopt — as now toward its present occupant — a very different view of the question which is now before us: and looking forward to the possibility of that event, we must be equally ready to provide for it. I therefore give notice of the following additional clause: "And be it further enacted, that in case the crown of these realms shall at any time descend to her said Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, then and in such case this present act, and all the matter contained therein, shall become utterly void and of no effect, and the whole of the preamble thereof shall be deemed and taken to be false, calumnious

and scandalous, upon the same evidence on which it hath now been held to be sufficiently proved."

*(Cheers and cries of "Order!" The attendants of the House at this point begin to light the lamps, as twilight draws in. Outside in the streets a murmuring begins to be heard.)*

LORD CHANCELLOR. You wish to table that motion?

LORD KING. I do.

*(Re-enter BROUGHAM and the rest.)*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Yes, Mr. Brougham?

BROUGHAM. My Lords, I have to apply to your lordships' House for indulgence to speak on the position in which the Defence now finds itself.

LORD CHANCELLOR. My Lords, is it your pleasure?

LORDS. Agreed!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Mr. Brougham you may proceed.

BROUGHAM. Your lordships are aware that from the very commencement of these proceedings I have based my case with confidence on the innocence of my illustrious client; and in that very confidence I have refrained from putting forward any proofs of a recriminating character too painful for me to wish at this moment to dwell upon. Yet, my lords, I am now haunted with an apprehension that my feeble discharge of the duty I have undertaken may, for the first time, cast the case into doubt, and turn against me for my condemnation those millions of your lordships' fellow-countrymen whose jealous eyes are now watching me, and who will not fail to condemn me if your lordships should pronounce that judgment which the nature of these charges seeks to extort.

*(Murmurs outside.)*

My lords, had I not felt convinced that the case of the Queen was so strong as not only to require no word of recrimination, but actually to prescribe silence on so painful and dangerous an issue — my lips would not so long have remained closed. In exercising the power con-

fided to me, and in postponing any statement of those proofs of which I am possessed, I waived a right which I still have and abstained from the use of materials that are mine.

*(Murmurs without.)*

But let it not be thought, if hereafter I should be so far disappointed in my estimate of the failure of the case against me as to deem it my duty to exercise that right — let it not be thought that I shall fail! I must remind your lordships that an advocate, by his sacred connection with his client, knows what but one other individual in the world can know: and to promote the interests of that client he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, nay even the destruction he may bring on another. Separating the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, though his proofs should involve his country in conflict, and revolution.

*(Murmurs grow loud without.)*

CUMBERLAND. Damned threatening, damned rebellious, damned insolent!

*(Murmurs continue.)*

BROUGHAM. My lords, if that which stands behind the Milan Commission still veils its identity and its guilt, its exposure is nevertheless within my power. And if for the moment I refrain, it is not through fear.

*(Uproar grows outside.)*

Your lordships —

*(Loud cheers and shouting.)*

LORD CHANCELLOR. Continue, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. I was saying, my lord, when the voice of the people interrupted me, that your lordships have not seen fit to listen to my appeal. But there are other ears which I may yet hope to reach, and in which, if I may not instil shame, I may yet awaken a dread of consequences.

*(The murmurs grow louder and more continuous.)*

You have before you, my lords, the evidences of a persecution unexampled in history. The down-sitting and the up-rising of this illustrious Lady have been watched sedulously and secretly not merely for months but for years. Every slightest act in her life has been weighed in a balance adjusted by cruel conspirators, and loaded with gold whose source I have not been permitted to trace. And to avenge what fancied wrong — the conjugal rights of what tender and faithful spouse, has this mockery of a trial been instituted? . . . Silence shudders in answer to a question so framed, — even as the heart also shudders at the callousness which allows such evidence as your lordships have heard to be uttered against one who has fulfilled in the past the sacred duties of mother and wife! I say, my lords, that no husband with any heart could have permitted such things to be uttered against one who had fulfilled those sacred duties — even had she deserted his fond embraces and cast herself away from his protection and care — much less had he driven her into guilt by thrusting her from his dwelling — recollecting that the more depraved he showed his wife to have become, the more he established his own profligacy and cruelty.

*(The murmurs grow more formidable without.)*

CUMBERLAND. No, no! I can't stand this: I must go! I should forget myself! *(He goes out, glaring indignantly at BROUGHAM as he passes.)*

BROUGHAM. I have said, my lords, that no such example was to be found in history: rather I should have said in Christian history: for I find, in some degree, a parallel in the history of Imperial Rome, at that dark and ominous hour which preceded its decadence and fall. . . .

*(Murmurs and booing without.)*

Scarcely, my lords, had Octavia become the wife of Nero, when almost on the day of marriage she became also the object of his disgust and aversion. She was repudiated and dismissed on a false and frivolous pretext; and a mis-

tress was received into her place. A conspiracy was set on foot against her honour, and some of her servants were induced, not by bribes but by torture, to depose to facts injurious to her reputation. Though the people were convinced of her purity, the prosecution persisted in asserting her guilt, and finally she was banished from Rome.

*(Shouts of "Away with the false witnesses!" "God save Queen Caroline!" and cheers in increasing volume without.)*

Her return was like a flood! The generous people received her with those feelings which should have existed in the heart of her lord. But a second conspiracy was formed against her: more dark, more insidious, more abominable, it received the support of some of the highest in the land; and overborne by the weight of her persecutors she was unjustly convicted and condemned.

LORD CHANCELLOR. We can hear you, Mr. Brougham, we can hear you without any difficulty.

BROUGHAM. I confess, my lord, that I was appealing then more to the consciences of noble lords than to their outward ears.

LORD CHANCELLOR. For that, I am sure no raising of the voice is necessary.

BROUGHAM. Your lordship is very good to say so: my words, I know, are feeble, and my voice is weak to contend against the forces that are now abroad — forces which conspire to take from this country her reputation for justice and for truth, and in that conspiracy have come to enlist your aid. My lords, we are in your hands, and our defence against whatever obstacles and hindrances, will still go on. But if — which Heaven avert! — the hour has indeed struck, and if now the curtain is to be rung down on the ancient glory of this our land, yet in the ears of posterity my voice shall still be raised, to claim from that supreme tribunal, what in your lordships' House has this day been denied — the exposure of calumny, the as-

sertion of justice, and the vindication of innocence and purity.

LORD CHANCELLOR. The House will now adjourn.

*(Toward the end of BROUGHAM'S speech, when the outside uproar is at its height, a military order is heard, the clash of steel and the raised hubbub of contending forces. Throughout the whole disturbance, though counsel and ushers show excitement and alarm, the lords sit absolutely impassive, while one or two upon the Government benches, when BROUGHAM enters on his most swelling periods, go ostentatiously to sleep. The only exception is the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, who when the disturbance first grows loud, gets up and toddles to the door, consults an usher and returns to his place, a little nonplussed by the studied incuriosity of the noble lords around him. The LORD CHANCELLOR occupies himself by writing notes with humdrum regularity while BROUGHAM is speaking, stopping for a moment to interpose a remark, and then going on again.)*

CURTAIN

### ACT III

*(The same day, nine o'clock in the evening. A room in the Queen's House, St. James's Square. A window in centre; large folding doors to right, fireplace to left. Between fireplace and audience, a small door; behind fireplace a curtained doorway leading through to inner apartment. The room is furnished in the Louis XV style with a large central chandelier. A small settee stands to left centre and beside it a small table with handbell. Nearly facing the settee to the right is a chair, two other chairs stand against the wall on either side of the folding doors. The floor is of polished wood with a carpet in centre, the hangings are of dull crimson and gold. A footman is discovered lighting two candelabra on consoles to either side of the window: as he retires through small door to left, the folding doors are thrown open by two other footmen.)*

*(Enter DENMAN and LUSHINGTON conducted by a groom of the Chambers.)*

GROOM. You come by appointment, gentlemen, do you not?

DENMAN. Her Majesty graciously said nine o'clock.

GROOM. I will inform Her Majesty. *(Exit to left.)*

LUSHINGTON. Brougham's late.

DENMAN. Brougham always is late.

LUSHINGTON. By way of adding to his importance, I suppose.

DENMAN. Brougham, my dear Lushington, is an expert in the dramatic pause. . . . You saw him lose himself in his notes to-day?

LUSHINGTON. I saw him pretend to.

DENMAN. The same thing. . . . When he arrives pres-



ently he will pretend that he did not mean to be late: though in fact his aim is to demonstrate to Her Majesty how powerless we are to discuss matters without him. . . .

I thought he was unusually himself to-day.

LUSHINGTON. Yes: disgusting exhibition!

DENMAN. Lushington, if you were any other man, I should suspect you of professional jealousy.

LUSHINGTON. Brougham bores me. . . . He's always his own audience; and that's the first thing an orator has to forget.

DENMAN. Then Brougham will never be an orator. . . . But he'll win his case.

LUSHINGTON. Who would n't? They've given it away.

DENMAN. Ah, yes: in a court of law. But this is politics. That, my friend, is why we must have the voice of the people.

LUSHINGTON. The claque this afternoon went well! . . . I trust the payments are allocated with proper precaution.

DENMAN. My dear Lushington, we no longer "allocate." Did n't you know? — it has been found unnecessary.

LUSHINGTON. You mean the agitation has become spontaneous? (DENMAN *nods*.) Self-supporting? (DENMAN *nods again*.) — Irrespective of party?

DENMAN. I don't go so far as *that*! But as regards the lower and middle classes we've got the country with us.

LUSHINGTON. I don't like it! I don't like it!

DENMAN. It's an effective weapon.

LUSHINGTON. See that you don't make it too sharp, my friend!

DENMAN. Oh, no! . . . The French Revolution has been a valuable object-lesson. Your English monarchy is safe now for another fifty years, at any rate.

LUSHINGTON. I hear that the Duchess of Kent's little daughter is doing very well. . . . Pity it was n't a boy!

DENMAN. H'm! — You think? — Well, I don't know. Male heirs in the last generation have not proved a conspicuous success. Ah! here he comes. (FOOTMAN opens the door.) I'm glad that the Queen was not more punctual.

(Enter BROUGHAM.)

BROUGHAM. I fear I am late.

DENMAN. Oh no, I think not. We have but this moment arrived.

LUSHINGTON. We were blaming ourselves for being too early.

BROUGHAM. I am relieved that I have not kept anyone waiting. . . . Gentlemen, . . . I have just received the most grave, the most serious intelligence.

LUSHINGTON. Indeed? In what respect?

BROUGHAM. Nay, I do not exaggerate when I say both alarming and perilous!

DENMAN. (*Sarcastically.*) Pray proceed! This tension is terrible!

BROUGHAM. I merely wished to prepare you. . . . The messenger whom we sent to Barona, to procure from Bergami the documents left in his keeping, returns to inform us that Bergami has disappeared — leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

LUSHINGTON. No trace?

BROUGHAM. None further than Milan.

LUSHINGTON. Milan!

BROUGHAM. Gentleman, I cannot disguise my fears. It means clearly one of two things; — either Bergami has sold himself — or he has been abducted, and may even now be in this country, a prisoner, if not a traitor in the hands of the Queen's enemies!

LUSHINGTON. Great Heavens!

DENMAN. In that case, I suppose, we are ruined?

BROUGHAM. Beyond redemption! Only yesterday

they challenged us whether we would call Bergami as a witness. And this may be the meaning of it. . . .

LUSHINGTON. Damned cunning! I shall begin to respect 'em at last.

DENMAN. Is Her Majesty to be informed?

BROUGHAM. No — not a word! Why should we needlessly alarm her? At present we *know* nothing. . . . But gentlemen, as a measure of precaution, in order that we may know upon what ground we are standing, it is now absolutely necessary to put to Her Majesty that most crucial question which hitherto we have avoided.

LUSHINGTON. Do you propose to place any value on her answer?

BROUGHAM. No, sir: but I shall place value on her demeanour while she does answer — and on my own perspicacity.

DENMAN. But surely, Brougham, your perspicacity has not had to wait till now! . . . To me such a question seems entirely unnecessary — not to say exceedingly embarrassing.

BROUGHAM. Denman, it has this advantage — it gives to Her Majesty the opportunity of taking us, if she wishes, more entirely into her confidence. That alone — in the face of this new danger — makes it, I conceive, not merely a matter of expediency but of duty. If, on the other hand, her Majesty withholds her confidence, it gives us an opportunity to reconsider our position, and — if necessary — to free ourselves from all future responsibility.

DENMAN. (*Aside.*) Damnable! Damnable!

LUSHINGTON. H'm. A little late to do that now, don't you think?

BROUGHAM. It is never too late to do the best that is possible under the circumstances.

(*Enter CAROLINE through the curtained entrance on the left; she advances unseen by them toward the centre where they are standing.*)

DENMAN. Well, Lushington, the matter is in Brougham's hands to decide — not ours.

BROUGHAM. Of that, Denman, I was already sufficiently aware.

CAROLINE. Pardon me, gentleman, that I have kept you so long waiting. It is good that you come to see me at so late an hour.

BROUGHAM. We could not, Madam, do otherwise, than come at this stage of our labours and lay our duty at the feet of your Majesty.

LUSHINGTON. Our humble duty — our highest congratulations.

CAROLINE. You have some news for me?

BROUGHAM. No more than is already abroad in the public streets. In consequence of the flight of Rastelli the case of the prosecution stands exposed to contumely and ridicule: and your Majesty's accusers no longer dare publicly to avow themselves.

CAROLINE. You mean the witnesses? . . . You English people were never very fond of foreigners.

BROUGHAM. I meant not the witnesses, Madam, but the instigators, the conspirators, the secret manipulators of the Milan Commission — that baleful shadow behind the throne which to-day we have exposed in all its native deformity.

CAROLINE. (*Seating herself.*) I am told that you have been very clever, gentlemen.

BROUGHAM. The cause, Madam, for which we fought made victory unavoidable.

DENMAN. Under Mr. Brougham's leadership, Madam, even my sceptical friend Dr. Lushington has come to believe in plenary inspiration.

BROUGHAM. I speak, Madam, without flattery, when I say that a single word from the lips of your Majesty has often revealed to me material sufficient to shake to its centre the seat of this tyrannical government.

CAROLINE. You must be careful, then, Mr. Brougham, for sometimes I do not know now what I am saying! . . . Gentlemen, I beg that you will be seated.

(BROUGHAM *immediately occupies the central chair,*  
DENMAN *and LUSHINGTON retire to the two corners.*)

And what is it that you propose to do next?

BROUGHAM. I will explain to your Majesty. In a week from to-day the case for the Defence will open.

CAROLINE. You mean that you begin talking on your own account?

DENMAN. On *yours*, Madam, if I may be allowed to make the correction. Mr. Brougham will make a general survey of the evidence for the Prosecution: its refutation will come later by the mouths of our own witnesses.

BROUGHAM. Then, Madam, will be seen the culmination of your Majesty's triumph. Behind our weak words the rising voice of the English people —

LUSHINGTON. (*Reciting with shut eyes and with a touch of imitation in his manner*) — will acclaim the cause of persecuted virtue, outraged honour, and injured innocence.

BROUGHAM. Will deliver a judgment independent of courts, and higher in authority than any tribunal.

CAROLINE. And what will the King do then?

DENMAN. The King, Madam, will go to Brighton.

CAROLINE. Oh? . . . Will he bathe, do you think? . . . They have accused me of bathing, have they not? . . . That is one of the things put against me — that I went bathing with Bergami.

BROUGHAM. We will prove it to be false, Madam.

CAROLINE. Very well, Mr. Brougham, just as you wish. . . . Suppose, though, that I *did* bathe and did not know how to swim, — I had to bathe with somebody had I not? — or did they wish me to drown myself?

BROUGHAM. The story, Madam, is as absurd as it is false.

CAROLINE. Oh, yes! you are quite right: all that they

say about it is lies. . . . Are you going to make me, too, a witness?

BROUGHAM. Heaven forbid, Madam! The Majesty of England —

LUSHINGTON. The high dignity of your rank and person —

DENMAN. The attendant exposure and strain to your Majesty's sentiments and feelings —

BROUGHAM. Prevent such a —

LUSHINGTON. Such a —

DENMAN. False step.

BROUGHAM. — recognition on the part of your Majesty of a form of procedure so unwarrantably instituted.

CAROLINE. No doubt you are wise, gentlemen. I was not myself wanting very much to be cross-examined, oh, no!

BROUGHAM. It would, I can assure your Majesty, be as unnecessary as it will be uncalled for. . . . Nevertheless, with your Majesty's gracious permission, placed as we are in the confidential relations of adviser and client — we are bound formally to submit to your Majesty one question — not for our own private satisfaction — being already abundantly convinced of your Majesty's integrity and innocence — but for our strict justification in the course upon which we are about to enter. (*A pause.*)

CAROLINE. I hear you, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. The question, Madam, is necessarily a delicate and a painful one; and your Majesty will, I am sure, acquit us of any implication either of doubt or of disrespect in that pursuit of strict duty which forces us to bring the matter before your Majesty for a formal pronouncement.

CAROLINE. Be good enough to ask your question, Mr. Attorney.

BROUGHAM. Madam, I will. Does there exist or has there existed in the past any ground for the charge that

your Majesty, — in the exercise of a freedom and discretion which I do not presume to criticise, — has ever —

LUSHINGTON. Has ever —

DENMAN. Has ever —

CAROLINE. You wish to know if I have ever committed adultery?

BROUGHAM. Your Majesty uses a word I should never have ventured.

CAROLINE. (*Speaking very deliberately.*) If I ever did — commit adultery — it was — when I married the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

(DENMAN *is struck with admiration.* LUSHINGTON *with astonishment.* BROUGHAM *bows a sweeping acceptance.*)

BROUGHAM. No denial could be more absolute!

CAROLINE. (*Passionately.*) I say, gentlemen, that I have done the King — *no wrong!*

DENMAN. Madam, of that we were convinced: it needed no word from your Majesty to assure us.

BROUGHAM. Armed with your Majesty's word, the Defence now moves forward to the attack, invulnerable and irresistible.

LUSHINGTON. Of course, legally speaking, had we at the very commencement taken our stand on a Defence recriminative in character —

BROUGHAM. Then sir, the case would have collapsed before it had begun: the Prosecution would have been forced to withdraw: there would have been no investigation, no refutation of false witnesses, and Her Majesty's honour would in consequence have missed that triumphant re-establishment which now awaits it.

LUSHINGTON. My humble remark only follows the line of argument put forward to-day by our learned leader himself.

BROUGHAM. I put it forward, sir, at my own time and in my own way. Had it been put forward earlier its effect

would have been very different, and might even, in other hands, have proved disastrous. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty for the confidence you have so graciously reposed in us — and for the courage and candour of your Majesty's answer. . . . If your Majesty has any further instructions before we start upon our Defence? —

CAROLINE. I leave everything in your hands, Mr. Brougham.

BROUGHAM. What I shall have to say, Madam, I think that the country will hear. The whole nation are now the jurors in this great trial, and we, Madam, have become the voice of it.

CAROLINE. I suppose that we are all historical characters?

BROUGHAM. Not merely historical, Madam, we stand for the beginning of a new epoch. I foresee that from this trial may spring the reform of our monarchy, the reform of our representative system, the reform of our marriage laws, nay, the reform even of our conception of the rights and status of womanhood throughout the world. Justice, in future, will come from the people, and will be enforced by the people.

LUSHINGTON. (*Aside.*) Great Heavens! What next?

CAROLINE. Then you mean — that I am to be — crowned?

BROUGHAM. That, Madam, I fear, may not be possible. In that matter the royal prerogative is absolute.

(CAROLINE rises: they all rise after her.)

CAROLINE. Then what you have been saying to me means *nothing*. . . . Mr. Attorney, listen to me! . . . I am here, in England, to be crowned Queen, because I have not done anything of which the King has any right to complain. . . . It is no use for you to shake your heads. . . . *I shall go!* And if the English people are all that you say of them, then I shall succeed in spite of every one of you!

(*She sits down again; they remain standing.*)



BROUGHAM. We have offered your Majesty our humble service to the very utmost of our powers. We cannot do more.

*(The QUEEN makes no reply; they stand awkwardly waiting.)*

BROUGHAM. Have we your Majesty's permission to retire?

CAROLINE. Yes, gentlemen, you may retire when you like. . . . *(As they begin to withdraw she recovers her graciousness of demeanour.)* Mr. Brougham, I thank you: you have made me some very pretty speeches, — you have done wonderful things. . . . Mr. Denman, I am grateful for your kind attention and devotion. . . . Dr. Lushington, you know so much of the law, that I should be afraid if you were not my friend. . . . Gentlemen, I thank you for your attendance, and I wish you a good evening.

*(She rises and curtseys. They bow and retire. She stands looking after them, and so remains when the door has closed. After a few moments OLDI enters behind her by the door to the left.)*

OLDI. Madam, may I come in?

CAROLINE. Oldi, that man reminds me of the jackdaw that had the peacock's feather in its tail.

OLDI. Which man?

CAROLINE. The little one that, when he speaks, always goes — so! *(Imitates BROUGHAM.)*

OLDI. I think he is no true friend to your Majesty.

CAROLINE. I have no true friend, Oldi, out of Italy.

OLDI. Ah! Italy!

CAROLINE. There have been no letters, Oldi? — You have heard nothing?

OLDI. It is better, Madam, that we should hear nothing, when all day we are watched by spies. I do not trust any of them — not one! I can feel their eyes at the keyhole now — looking at us, to try if they can see what we are talking about!

CAROLINE. (*Listlessly.*) Oldi, I am very tired. Go and tell Pauline to be ready for me, I will come presently.

(*Exit OLDI. Enter a SERVANT.*)

SERVANT. Please your Majesty, there is below someone who wishes to see your Majesty.

CAROLINE. The name?

SERVANT. He did not give any name, your Majesty — only that he had come from Italy upon your Majesty's service.

CAROLINE. Let him come in.

(*Exit SERVANT.*)

(*CAROLINE sits for a moment, then goes to the window, parts the curtains, looks out, sighs and turns about again. As she does so she is confronted by BERGAMI who has entered wrapped in a long cloak which half obscures his face, and which he throws back with a magnificent gesture as he faces her with his back to the audience. CAROLINE starts violently, her lips form his name inaudibly, she recovers and holds herself in with a strong effort, looking at him intently the while.*)

CAROLINE. My friend, why have you come here?

BERGAMI. To prove to your Majesty my devotion.

CAROLINE. I did not need proof.

BERGAMI. Ah, Regina mia! is it forbidden that I should offer it?

(*She makes a gesture of warning.*)

CAROLINE. Why did you not first write to me?

BERGAMI. Your Majesty's prudence forbade.

CAROLINE. This is more dangerous!

BERGAMI. For your Majesty's sake, I will dare everything.

CAROLINE. Oh! . . . You mean you have come to show me that you are a brave man?

BERGAMI. A faithful servant to my Queen — one who remembers and is grateful!

CAROLINE. I would not have doubted you, Bergami.

BERGAMI. Ah, most Gracious! is it not to you that I owe everything! There in Italy, this long while, every week has brought news of your Majesty surrounded by enemies, tried before judges, traduced by false witnesses, men whose characters I know, — men whom I can prove to be thieves and liars — men who have only to see Bergami. — *(He raises his voice proudly.)*

CAROLINE. Sh!

BERGAMI. And they will tremble and turn pale! . . . That is why I — I — Bergami, have come to England — to offer myself a witness, and to lay all that I can tell at the feet of your Majesty.

CAROLINE. You — a witness, Bergami? . . . What could you tell them that they would believe?

BERGAMI. Of true service, of respect, of gratitude, of an undying devotion!

CAROLINE. *(Beginning to laugh.)* Ah, that is right! That is so like you, Bergami! . . . You Italians, you are all just little children; good children or bad children — that is the only difference! Bergami, stand there in the light, and let me look at you. . . . You are still very handsome. . . . You have come a long way?

BERGAMI. From Barona, seven days and seven nights.

CAROLINE. Caro amico! You gave yourself no rest: yet you do not seem tired.

BERGAMI. My thoughts were always near your Majesty.

CAROLINE. That was beautifully said, Bergami, had you learned that by heart?

BERGAMI. Col cuori — si, si! *(Lays his hand on his heart and kneels.)*

CAROLINE. Yes, you are still very magnificent, Bergami! There is no one in England who is like you. . . . *(She passes her hand over his head; he seizes and kisses it.)* Ah, well! it has done me good — just once to have

seen you again! . . . From Barona, you say? Who is there with you now?

BERGAMI. (*A little embarrassed.*) Of my family, Principessa, I have with me my little daughter — Victorine.

CAROLINE. Ah, the little Victorine! Tell me of her! How she must be grown!

BERGAMI. She speaks often of your Majesty.

CAROLINE. I shall not forget her: never! That little thing that slept in my arms as if she had been my own child, — that cried so when I went and left her!

BERGAMI. She cries after you sometimes still — just a little.

CAROLINE. Ah, that is good to be told that she cries after me still! When I came to England I gave up everything that made life sweet! . . . Perhaps I should not have come, Bergami, if only you had said to me “Stay!”

BERGAMI. Was it not your Majesty’s own choice to return?

CAROLINE. Ah, yes — that is how we have to choose, sometimes, against all that we wish deep down in our own hearts. . . . Well . . . I hope that you are happy, Bergami?

BERGAMI. I have everything your Majesty has given me to make me so.

CAROLINE. Then now you will return — you will go home.

BERGAMI. When your Majesty no longer needs me.

CAROLINE. You must go to-night, Bergami.

BERGAMI. What does your Majesty mean? To-night?

CAROLINE. Now, at once! Do not waste a moment, Bergami — If you wish to serve me — go!

BERGAMI. Ah! now I see! You think that I am false? No! you do not trust me! That is plain!

CAROLINE. I can trust you to be silent, my Bergami, but I cannot trust you so well if you begin making your-

self talk. . . . Oh, you have not been there! Never, never will they let you stop, if once you begin.

BERGAMI. I know well, Madam, where to begin, and where also to end! That shall be seen!

CAROLINE. Ah, talk not nonsense, my Bergami! I speak better than you know. For the witnesses at this trial they have two interpreters, yes: and when the two interpreters do not agree — then all the English Lords, who can speak no language but their own — that is one of the things that they are proud of — they all vote that you are to mean as *they* choose — and not anything else! And in the House of Lords, my Bergami, the King has got his majority! — Oh, yes, he has his brothers there voting for him all day long! — yes, and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury both trying their hardest which of them can please him best, so that one of them may have the great honour to crown him at Westminster, presently! . . . Ah! What do you know about it?

BERGAMI. I know only that I am true, and that your Majesty no longer trusts me!

CAROLINE. Do you know, my friend, what cross-examination in an English Court of Law is like? . . . Then I will tell you! . . . They will ask you — do you remember going to bed on such and such a night five years ago? If you do not — then they say that you must have been drunk, not to remember it. And if you do — then they say that you must have been doing something most extraordinary to be able to remember it after all that time. Then they say — if you do not remember what you were doing — how do you remember that you ever went to bed at all? Then, if you say that you always go to bed, they will tell you of some night fifteen years ago when you did *not* go to bed: — so there you have been contradicted, and your evidence is no good. . . . Wait, wait! Oh, that is nothing! . . . When they have got you to swear that you *did* go to bed — then they ask which side of the bed did

you get into? — Oh! the left side, was it? Do you usually get in on the left side? If not, how did you come to get in on the left side on that occasion? Were you drunk? You swear that you were not — then you must have had a reason for getting in on the left side — no man, who is not drunk, gets into bed on the left side without a reason. And then—when they have so ‘schwindled’ you that you do not know whether you are on your head or your heels, they say suddenly: “I put it to you that the reason you got into bed on the left side was because there was a — Well, a reason why you could not get in on the other side!” *That* is English law and justice, my Bergami. Can you stand a week of that on end — with the whole country howling round you, half of them cheering because you are such a brave liar, and the other half hooting you because you have told the truth — and an escort of sheriff’s officers to bring the bits of you back to the witness-box every morning, if there is anything of you left? . . . There, now I have told you — so you may know!

BERGAMI. For your Majesty’s sake I will face all dangers.

CAROLINE. For my Majesty’s sake, Bergami, you will put on a wig, a beard, and a false nose, wrap them up well, so that they shall n’t be seen, and run back to Dover — Dover was it that you came from? — then better go back by Bristol — to Bristol your very hardest; and not breathe one word of Italian till you are right over the sea and in your own blessed land again! . . . You will do this for me, Bergami?

BERGAMI. What? Your Majesty bids me disguise myself? — run as though I were afraid, — make a mock of myself, — wear a false nose!

CAROLINE. Better a false nose than a false step, my good Bergami! Come, show what a fine pair of legs you have! Run! Run!

BERGAMI. Basta! As your Majesty so wishes it — since your Majesty has no better use for me than that — Yes! I will go! (*He throws his cloak round him with an indignant gesture.*)

CAROLINE. That is a good child, to be reasonable! Farewell, my friend! and take care of yourself. Do not be too brave till you are safe home again! Wrap yourself up well!

BERGAMI. Addio, Madam!

CAROLINE. Addio, caro amico! (*Exit BERGAMI in wrath.*) There goes a true friend, that I have had to say 'No' to! Oh, what a thing it is to be a Queen!

OLDI. (*Without.*) Madam! Madam!

CAROLINE. Yes, I am coming, Oldi.

(*Enter OLDI.*)

OLDI. Here is fine news, your Majesty! Three more of the false witnesses have fled; they have left the country: it is being cried in the streets and the people are cheering! . . . Madam, do you not hear? . . . Who was that went from you just now?

CAROLINE. A witness for the defence, Oldi.

OLDI. Eh? Do I know him?

CAROLINE. You had better not ask, Oldi.

OLDI. Why did he come?

CAROLINE. To be a witness.

OLDI. Does he know — anything?

CAROLINE. Oh yes, almost as much as I do myself.

OLDI. Well? What has your Majesty done?

CAROLINE. I sent him away, Oldi — as quick as he could go.

OLDI. Madam! But why?

CAROLINE. It would not have done, Oldi. They have here in England a terrible instrument of torture which you Italians do not understand — cross-examination it is called. To face that you have to be more accustomed to

telling lies than is reasonably possible to anyone who is not himself a lawyer. No, Oldi, it would not have done!

. . . What is that noise I hear?

*(OLDI goes to the window and looks out.)*

OLDI. Oh, Madam! There comes a great crowd with torches and banners: they are entering the square! Look, look, they are filling it! And hark how they all cheer! Ah yes! it is the flight of the false witnesses: they are bringing your Majesty the news!

*(The cheering grows loud outside, with cries of 'Down with the false witnesses!' 'God save Queen Caroline!')*

Now they are asking to see your Majesty. Will you not show yourself — here, here, at this window? Ah, did I not say the people would be on your side?

*(OLDI strikes a bell. Enter two footmen. She signals, they draw back the curtains, and taking up the two candelabra stand holding one on each side. The QUEEN advances and stands in view of the people. The crowd cheers rapturously.)*

OLDI. It is the voice of England to-day! To-morrow it shall be the voice of the whole world!

CURTAIN



## ACT IV

### SCENE 1.

*The Chapel of Edward the Confessor hung round with curtains of blue and gold, and furnished for toilet and refreshment. To the right a toilet-table, before it an arm-chair ; near by a couch on which lie rich robes ; to the other side a table with spirit-stand and glasses. The entrance is in the centre between curtains which disclose a curtained ante-room beyond. The curtains are suspended on rods about nine feet from the ground ; above these can be seen the pillars and arches of the Abbey, looking westward. When the scene opens two VALETS are discovered, one arranging the articles of toilet, the other standing on tiptoe on a projecting tomb, and peeping over the curtains.)*

FIRST VALET. Can you see anything?

SECOND VALET. I saw the top of the Archbishop's wig just now.

FIRST VALET. How's old George getting on?

SECOND VALET. Pretty well! He's a bit sorry for himself. Ermine ain't no joke on a day like this! (*Turns and prepares to get down.*)

FIRST VALET. What are they doing to him now?

SECOND VALET. They are all kissing him — cues of 'em: Principalities and powers, all down on their marrow-bones — every Jack man of 'em. Ah! it's a fine thing to be a King! — and Lord! how it makes George sweat! . . . (*Gets down and helps himself to drink.*)

FIRST VALET. You heard about the Queen, I suppose?

SECOND VALET. No?

FIRST VALET. Turned her out! Would n't have her on any terms.

SECOND VALET. What? Did she come *here*?

FIRST VALET. Come? Yes. — Come and went! . . . (*Snaps his fingers, and helps himself to drink.*) She was a bit late: they were giving him the Communion then.

SECOND VALET. What? Did he —?

FIRST VALET. Oh, yes: had to; — All in the business.

SECOND VALET. Poor old George! . . . Well, but, after all, — why was n't she crowned? She won her case.

FIRST VALET. She did n't win it: they just dropped it. Those Reformers made such a hell of a row, it was n't worth while going on with the thing. But she was guilty right enough.

(*Organ music begins.*)

Ah! that means they've finished him now. Here! Hurry up! Put all those things away! And help me to wipe up these glasses.

(SECOND VALET *removes robes from couch. Enter a GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.*)

GROOM. Attendants, be ready for his Majesty!

(*The two VALETS stand to attention. In the curtained ante-room Court functionaries appear walking backwards. Two peers, CONYNGHAM and another, enter and stand on either side of the doorway. Enter GEORGE IV faint and staggering, dressed in all his Coronation robes and with crown rather to one side. He reels toward the chair, CONYNGHAM and the VALETS stand ready to assist him.*)

GEORGE. Oh! My God, my God! . . . Here! Quick! (FIRST VALET *offers him water.*) No! Brandy, brandy! (*He drinks and lets the glass go. They offer to disrobe him.*) Yes! Get them off! Air, air! I want air! Help! Give me a hand, Conyngham! (*He sinks into chair, and throws off his crown: it lies upside down on the couch.*)

CONYNGHAM. Well, Sire, it's all over now!

GEORGE. Don't be too sure! I can't swear whether I'm alive yet! . . . Dying in Westminster Abbey would be a fine card to play, eh? Don't you think, Conyngham? — Make me popular, that would! (*Drinks.*)

CONYNGHAM. I would n't throw away good cards like that, Sire — it's unnecessary.

GEORGE. Unnecessary? Ugh! . . . Here! I don't want two fellows about me! Send the other one away.

(CONYNGHAM *makes a sign. Exit one of the VALETS.*)  
Unnecessary? Did you hear the crowd cheering me, as I came?

CONYNGHAM. No, Sire.

GEORGE. Gad! Conyngham, that's honestly said! No more did I! They cheered the horses, and the trappings, and all the rest of the damned show — Devil a bit did they cheer *me!* (*Drinks.*)

CONYNGHAM. They will cheer you, Sire, when you return.

GEORGE. Oh, yes — I daresay! . . . Eh! they like baubles: I knew that when I went in for it — all this damned flummery. . . . Phoo! A King can sweat as well as any commoner. — Eh, Conyngham? (*Mops himself and throws napkin away.*)

CONYNGHAM. Everything your Majesty undertakes you do well.

GEORGE. (*Looking at crown.*) My God, to think I've got to put that thing on again! . . . It's like putting one's head into a tea-kettle — brings your brains up to boiling point, I can tell you! . . . Oh, you instrument of torture! (*Kicks it with his foot.*) Shakespeare spoke sense when he talked about *you!* — Only time he ever did to my mind. . . . (*Drinks.*) So you think I'm going to be popular, eh, Conyngham?

CONYNGHAM. An English crowd, Sire, always cheers the winner.

GEORGE. The winner? . . . Funny sort of a winner I am! — nobody else in the running except me.

CONYNGHAM. There was another *starter*, your Majesty but she — did n't get home.

GEORGE. What? — You mean the Brunswick mare? Pooh! she won't ever run again. Her day's over, thank God!

(*Enter GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS.*)

GROOM. His Royal Highness The Duke of Cumberland asks if he may see your Majesty.

GEORGE. Beg him to come in. (*GROOM retires.*)

(*Enter the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.*)

CUMBERLAND. Well, George!

GEORGE. Well, Royal Brother! . . . Yes, I'm pulling through. You won't be wanted for my shoes yet awhile, . . . Have a drink? . . . Where've you been?

(*The DUKE helps himself.*)

CUMBERLAND. Having a look outside. . . . There's a big crowd waiting for you, George.

GEORGE. What sort of temper are they in?

CUMBERLAND. Coming along nicely. Loyalty has begun to take the place of sobriety.

GEORGE. None of your damned sarcasms here, Cumberland! Church is n't the place for it. . . . Don't forget I'm a crowned head now. . . . What are you grinning about?

CUMBERLAND. George, have you heard anything?

GEORGE. I've been hearing oaths of allegiance, my boy — damned tiresome things they are too. . . . Praying seems to have gone out of practice with the British nobility: — once down on their knees they find it a hard job to get up again. . . . What else was I to have heard? . . .

(*DUKE OF CUMBERLAND makes sign.*)

Oh? . . . That'll do, Peters, you can go.

(*Exit PETERS.*)

CUMBERLAND. Carrie Brunswick! . . . She's been, George — and she's gone again!

GEORGE. *What!*

CUMBERLAND. Came down to the Abbey, and they would n't let her in.

GEORGE. Came here, did she — the cat? Who gave her the right-about?

CUMBERLAND. Bobby Inglis, so I've been told.

GEORGE. Conyngham, send Inglis!

CONYNGHAM. (*To GROOM at door.*) Verney, send Sir Robert Inglis to his Majesty at once.

GEORGE. 'Fore Gad! This is a better business than I knew. . . . What? and no rioting?

CUMBERLAND. Bless your heart, no! It amused 'em!

GEORGE. Whom had she with her?

CUMBERLAND. Only Lord Hood, and one of her women.

GEORGE. Gad! She's got a pluck! That's been her strong card all along! — Oh, I must have my man in again! — Where's Peters?

(CONYNGHAM *sounds hand-gong. Re-enter VALET.*)

Had *you* heard of this, Conyngham? Quick, Peters, toilet.

(*The VALET starts with hair-brushes and anointments.*)

CONYNGHAM. No more than a whisper, Sire. It only happened after the service had begun.

GEORGE. We'll hear more about it presently. . . . Well, and how d' you think the thing went off?

CUMBERLAND. Splendidly! — Never saw anything so mediæval in all my life!

GEORGE. Whereabouts was your wife, Conyngham?

CONYNGHAM. In the Royal Private Gallery, Sire, next to the Princess Augusta.

GEORGE. Oh, that's all right: I looked but I could n't find her. Who else was up there?

CUMBERLAND. I fancy I saw Mrs. Jordan in a back seat.

GEORGE. H'm. That was Brother Clarence's doing I suppose? They should n't have allowed it. . . . Yes?

(*Enter GROOM OF CHAMBERS.*)

GROOM. Sir Robert Inglis, your Majesty.

GEORGE. Oh, tell him to come in.

(Enter SIR ROBERT INGLIS.)

Well, Inglis, so you've had sport, I hear. Come and tell us all about it.

INGLIS. Your Majesty has already been informed?

GEORGE. Only at second hand — no particulars. Start away!

INGLIS. I carried out your Majesty's instructions.

GEORGE. Well, out with it, man! Tell us how you performed them!

INGLIS. (*Speaking with constraint and some emotion.*) I was on duty, your Majesty, at the doors of the Abbey.

GEORGE. Yes?

INGLIS. Soon after eleven o'clock there was a movement in the crowd from the direction of Whitehall. Then I saw a coach with the Royal Livery draw up at the Northwest corner. A few minutes afterwards the Queen, accompanied by Lord Hood, arrived at the entrance where I was standing.

GEORGE. How was she looking?

INGLIS. Her Majesty showed a high colour: she held herself well, but her lips trembled. Lord Hood spoke for her, requesting admission. I stated my instructions. Her Majesty did not say anything in reply; leaning on Lord Hood's arm she returned immediately to her carriage. They then drove round to the South-side entrance: afterwards to the North. What happened there I have not heard: no doubt in each case your Majesty's orders were obeyed. A quarter of an hour later I saw the coach drive away: as it went by, the crowd hooted.

GEORGE. (*Sharply.*) Eh? Who were they hooting?

INGLIS. So far as I could judge, Sire, the occupants of the royal carriage. One part of the crowd seemed amused, the other part hostile.

GEORGE. Ah! she had n't got Brougham to help her

over that little job, Cumberland! That's cooked *her* goose, anyway! Quite sure, as you say, they hooted her?

INGLIS. About that, I fear, there could be no mistake, your Majesty.

GEORGE. That'll do, Inglis, you can go!

(*Exit* INGLIS.)

I never could stand that fellow! So the noble British crowd hooted her, did they? What do you say to that, Brother, as the last word in Democracy? There seems to be some sense in 'em, after all, eh? Conyngham, who has got my — my banquet speech?

CONYNGHAM. It will be on the table by your Majesty's place.

GEORGE. How much have I got to say?

CONYNGHAM. Only a few formal words, your Majesty; — they won't take more than two minutes.

GEORGE. Quite long enough — only hope I shall be able to get through with 'em. . . . Where's the menu?

CONYNGHAM. Here, Sire. (*Presents it.*)

GEORGE. (*Running his eye over it.*) Gad! I'm beginning to feel hungry! I have n't had a mouthful for five hours.

(*Enter* MASTER OF CEREMONIES.)

MASTER. Your Majesty, the Procession to Westminster Hall is already in the order for starting. Will your Majesty be graciously pleased to say when we may proceed?

GEORGE. Oh, tell them to start, I'm ready.

MASTER. Your Majesty's supporters are in attendance without.

(*Exit* MASTER OF CEREMONIES.)

CUMBERLAND. Ha! I must get to my place, then; I'm one of them. I shall see your Majesty later.

(*The KING rises with an assumption of dignity.*)

SECOND VALET *re-enters*; *they re-adjust his robes.*)

GEORGE. Conyngham, my crown.

(*He sets it on his head, and stands waiting, with an*

*air of heavy dignity, swaying slightly as he moves.  
His ermine tippet is brought.)*

Yes, put it on, put it on! It is my burden, and I must bear it.

*(Cheering is heard without.)*

CONYNGHAM. Ah!

GEORGE. What — what's that?

CONYNGHAM. The voice of your Majesty's people. It means that the head of the procession has started.

GEORGE. Voice of my people? Sounds — sounds like loyalty. Sounds as if — sounds as if . . . Conyngham, just see that I don't — make — any — mistake — or lose my way!

*(The cheering grows louder.)*

Yes, I can hear that. . . . So they think I'm coming, do they? . . . Right! . . . I am ready, my lords, lead on! . . . Gad! so I'm going . . . I'm going to be popular!

*(In the ante-chamber, lords are seen bowing in attendance. He turns and staggers out. Music and a fanfare of trumpets announce that the KING is on his way to Westminster Hall.)*



## ACT IV

### SCENE 2

*(Room in the Queen's House, St. James's Square. Large folding doors in the centre, to right in the corner a window set diagonally, to left a doorway to correspond. To the left centre a couch, to right centre a small table on which rests a salver. A FOOTMAN opens the window, leans over, and looks out into the street: twelve o'clock is striking in the distance. It strikes a moment later from a clock in the room.)*

FOOTMAN. *(Turns back from window.)* Twelve o'clock, soon be over now.

*(Enter an UNDERGROOM, raw and heavy, a bit of a lout.)*

Oh! you've come back, have you?

UNDERGROOM. Ah!

FOOTMAN. Seen anything of it?

UNDERGROOM. Saw 'em to the bottom of Regent Street and round the Park.

FOOTMAN. Well?

UNDERGROOM. From behind, mind yer. . . . Oh! there was a big crowd before ever I come.

FOOTMAN. So you did n't see much.

UNDERGROOM. Saw our old Jarvey wagging 'is wig, and the crowd a cheering of 'im. . . . When I saw 'im wave 'is whip at 'em, I knew things was all right. . . . He was dead against it before. Oh, they could hardly get him into his toggery, 'e swore so! Damned himself, and Her, and the King, and the whole lot of 'em. . . . Ah, but it'll be all right now!

FOOTMAN. Yes, if she's got the crowd along with her. The crowd's a powerful thing in these days.'

UNDERGROOM. Ah! (*He pulls out a letter from his pocket, and stands holding it up looking at it, dull and open-mouthed.*)

FOOTMAN. What you got there?

UNDERGROOM. Letter, just come by courier. . . . Porter said I was to bring un up 'ere. . . . 'T was for the foreign Countess, so 'e said. (*He continues to look at it, holding it upside down. The FOOTMAN approaches and examines it.*)

FOOTMAN. Italy . . . Postmark Barona. . . . That's where *he* lives.

UNDERGROOM. 'E? Who?

FOOTMAN. (*Makes kissing sound.*) *Him* — the Baron.

UNDERGROOM. Ho!

FOOTMAN. That's his way of writing to her, depend upon it: — sends it under cover to the sister. . . . They'd have given us something for that letter, six months ago. — Now it ain't worth anything! Heigho! . . . All right, I'll see she has it. . . . You go on down!

(UNDERGROOM *moves toward the door.*)

UNDERGROOM. Tom, there's going to be 'luminations to-night.

FOOTMAN. Not here — not unless they 've crowned her.

UNDERGROOM. We shall have our windows broke if we don't.

FOOTMAN. No fear!

UNDERGROOM. You see! (*Exit.*)

(FOOTMAN *stands holding letter up to light and turning it. Enter COUNTESS OLDI, he places it on salver and presents it.*)

OLDI. Has any news come yet?

FOOTMAN. Here is one letter, my lady. (*She takes it.*)

OLDI. No, I mean from Westminster.

FOOTMAN. Went off very nicely at the start, my lady, so I'm told.

OLDI. (*To herself, as she looks at letter.*) Ah! Italy! Very well: you need not wait.

(*FOOTMAN retires, OLDI opens the letter.*)

Barona, ah! (*At first sentence she shows pleasure.*) Ah, ah! (*Then with sudden surprise.*) Oh! he has a little son! (*She reads on with an expression that passes from pleasure to a slight strain of disquietude and apprehension.*) He is angry! . . . Oh! do not say that! . . . No, no! . . . (*Suddenly she breaks into an exclamation of protest.*) Ah! . . . That is not true! . . . No, no! My brother, no, no! . . . (*Her tone changes to irritated bewilderment.*) "A false nose?" — What does he mean "a false nose"? — "Tell her that Bergami will never wear a false nose." . . .

(*The Bells of Westminster begin to peal, other bells take up the signal, the air is full of a distant sound of guns. The wheels of a carriage are heard outside.*)

The Bells! . . . They are ringing! Then it is over!

(*The house bell rings loudly; OLDI runs to the window and looks out. The salute of guns goes on.*)

Ah! There is the carriage! She is back! She is back! . . . My Queen! They have crowned you! They have crowned you, at last.

(*She moves excitedly about the room, expecting the door to open. Presently the folding doors are flung wide by two footmen, who stand at attention, one on each side. Outside the QUEEN is seen very slowly ascending the stairs. She advances, broken with fatigue and emotion, and totters as though uncertain of her feet. She enters, comes to the centre and stops. The FOOTMEN exchange glances, retire, and close the doors. The QUEEN stands catching her breath in little gasps, her face works in a series of small spasms.*)

OLDI. Ah! Madam! So you are back! What? It is all over then?

(*The QUEEN looks at her, saying nothing, but seeming*

*by a slight motion of the head to affirm that it is all over.)*

These great ceremonies, then, do not take very long? — Not so long as one would think! but long enough in this heat! . . . Oh, you must be tired, Madam. . . . Let me undo this for you! . . . You will be more comfortable, then. . . . Oh! speak, speak! Why do you not speak! . . .

*(OLDI has drawn back with an apprehension amounting to dread. There follows a long pause.)*

CAROLINE. Oldi . . . They have not crowned me! . . . I am going . . . out of England, again.

OLDI. *(Speaking hopefully.)* Ah? — back to my Italy?

CAROLINE. I do not know where I shall go . . . but here . . . I have done. *(She sits down slowly as though doubtful of the use of her limbs.)* Take all this off for me!

*(OLDI unlooses her robe of state.)* And this: *(OLDI takes off the crown.)* I shall not want it again. *(OLDI puts it on the table.)* Take great care of that, Oldi; it must go back to them — it was only hired just for the day. . . . I do not think that it is all real — quite. *(She sees the open letter that OLDI has left lying on the table.)* What have you there? . . . A letter? Where does it come from, Oldi?

OLDI. Ah! Madam, that is not for you — it is for me. *(She begins putting it away.)*

CAROLINE. From Italy?

OLDI. Why, Madam, to be sure! From where else should I have letters but from Italy?

CAROLINE. From Bergami?

OLDI. Only a few lines to myself, Madam, — just to say that he and all his family are well.

*(The QUEEN reaches out her hand for the letter.)*

No, no, Madam! I swear that none of it is to your Majesty. It is for myself alone!

CAROLINE. Show it to me, Oldi.

OLDI. But, Madam, I am his own sister: this that he writes is for himself and me!

CAROLINE. Give it to me, Oldi!

OLDI. (*Holding back.*) Your Majesty knows that my brother is proud and quick when he is offended. Often, that which he says then he does not mean!

CAROLINE. Oldi, I told you to give it me.

(*OLDI gives her the letter.*)

OLDI. Ah, Madam, do not be angry with my poor brother!

(*CAROLINE tries to read the letter but her eyes are too full of tears.*)

CAROLINE. I cannot read it, Oldi; read it to me! . . . I order you not to leave out one word.

(*The salute of guns goes on to the end of reading.*)

OLDI. (*Reading.*) "My dear sister, it is now a long time since I have sent you any news concerning the welfare of myself and of my family. [*Gun.*] You will be glad, then, to hear that . . . my faithful Maria . . . [*Gun*] has borne to me a little son: . . . and that he and his mother are both strong and well. [*Gun.*] Be assured, sister, that we now have together and in our children all the happiness we could desire. [*Gun.*] I wish I could hear that you were soon to return to us from England: . . . it is a land —" [*Gun.*] Ah! Madam, this is all nothing!

CAROLINE. Go on, Oldi.

OLDI. . . . "It is a land . . . [*Gun*] to which one makes fruitless journeys, only to find coldness and ingratitude. . . . [*Gun.*] I do not hear of anything that promises good for the affairs . . . of the Queen, your Mistress, — but that is no longer any affair of mine. [*Gun.*] The devotion I was willing to render, she deigned not to accept; and a Bergami does not offer twice that which is wanted no more. [*Gun.*] . . . Should Her Majesty by any chance remember to enquire after me, [*Gun*] tell her that Bergami . . . will never wear a false nose: and that with him her secrets are safe. [*Gun.*] Receive, sister, the salutations

[*Gun*] of your ever faithful and devoted brother . . . Bartolomeo.”

*(While the letter is being read the QUEEN sits perfectly still, making only a slight movement with her hands: and with her head acquiescing in the truth of the statements she hears. OLDI, at the end of the reading, breaks down, and weeps.)*

OLDI. Ah! my poor brother! It is so that he writes in order to be rid of his anger! Your Majesty knows well that he has an excellent heart.

CAROLINE. He has washed his hands of me, Oldi: I am too dirty now for him to touch. Presently he will read it in all the papers: how glad he will be, then, to have said just in time: “I have done with that woman, — that *thing!* . . .” They hooted me, Oldi. . . . When I came they cheered; but when all the doors were shut in my face — then they laughed, then they hooted, — then they threw stones! . . . Oh, these English are a brave people! What is this God of theirs that they all kneel down to, and worship? — That they make all their prayers and their hymns to? . . . Success, Oldi, that is the only God that Englishmen know anything about. . . . It is the Winner, always the Winner for them! — The person that is beaten they do not care for: — they themselves cannot stand to be beaten — Oh! they are a brave people!

OLDI. Ah, Madam, leave them! leave them!

CAROLINE. I was one woman among them all. . . . There were thousands of them, and I was only one! . . . And they were all laughing, because at Westminster, the door had been shut in my face! . . . Oh, was not that a brave thing to do? . . . Oldi, what will become of a people like that? . . . They will grow rich, they will grow strong . . . people will be afraid of them, and they will be pleased: for it will make them think that they are great. . . . Perhaps some day they will conquer the whole world:

and when they have got it, they will look for something weak that they can laugh at — a woman or something — so that they can shut the door in her face!

OLDI. Well, and if they do? — You belong to yourself, still!

CAROLINE. I am no good to myself, Oldi. . . . I need to be loved. . . . This King of theirs that they have crowned to-day, that they are so proud of now — he was my husband once: — he was not a good husband, — but that did not matter to them! They are not such good husbands themselves that they should care much what one woman has to bear. . . . When he sent me away, they all turned their backs on me. Then he wrote and said: “Go, live your own life, and I will live mine!” And because I did that — they have taken my name out of the Prayer Book, and will not pray for me any more: — Yet for him they are praying everywhere — all day! — But that does not make him good!

OLDI. I pray he may have an evil death — that when he comes to die he may be afraid!

CAROLINE. No, Oldi, no! Poor man! Even then he used to have bad dreams. . . . In his room I have heard him wake up and cry, just as if he had been struck. . . . Ah! that is something I was forgetting, Oldi. When they threw stones at my carriage, one of them hit poor Jarvis, my coachman. . . . You remember he did not want to go with me: he knew better than I what an English crowd could be like. Send him to me, Oldi. . . . I must know whether he has been hurt.

OLDI. I will go, Madam, and enquire.

CAROLINE. No, no; let him come here.

(OLDI rings — a FOOTMAN appears.)

OLDI. Tell Mr. Jarvis that Her Majesty wishes to see him. (*Exit* FOOTMAN.) Madam, may I not bring you something? — You will be faint!

CAROLINE. Presently, Oldi; not yet. . . . I have not quite got all this down: it is a great deal to swallow, all at once — and some of it still sticks in my throat.

(*Re-enter FOOTMAN.*)

FOOTMAN. Mr. Jarvis is here, your Majesty.

CAROLINE. Tell him to come in.

(*FOOTMAN retires: enter JARVIS.*)

Jarvis, I wanted to see you for myself. Did they hurt you, my friend?

JARVIS. (*Shame-faced and sullen.*) No, your Majesty.

CAROLINE. Were you hit more times than that once?

JARVIS. No, your Majesty.

CAROLINE. We have been in a battle together, my friend. When I asked you to go with me you said that we should be beaten. Well, you were right: I shall see that you are well paid.

JARVIS. Pardon me, your Majesty; money won't pay for a thing like that.

CAROLINE. Then what have you to say? . . . Speak, my friend. . . . Do not be afraid.

JARVIS. It's like this, your Majesty: it's no use talking about what's over and done. But I don't stay in a service where things like that happen. . . . I've worked hard for your Majesty. I have n't grudged working. — Hot or cold, wet or shine, I was always ready to go when your Majesty wanted. But I swear to God, I'd sooner beg or starve than go through again what I've just had to go through. To have all the crowd jeering at you, mocking at you, laughing in your face, hooting behind your back. . . . That's what no flesh and blood can stand — leastways not British blood like mine. . . . I'm sorry to leave your Majesty: but I warned your Majesty how it would be — and it's no use saying any more.

CAROLINE. All that you have said, my friend, is quite true. It shall be as you wish. I will see that to-morrow your wages are paid, and you shall go.



JARVIS. Much obliged, your Majesty.

CAROLINE. Good-bye, my friend. For all your good services I thank you. . . . (*Exit JARVIS.*) Oldi, I wish that man to be given a hundred pounds. . . . He is quite honest. . . . He is the best friend that I have left. In England I have not had many friends: here they did not understand me: perhaps I did not understand them! . . . If Bergami had asked me to stay — I should not have come. I did not want to be made Queen: I only needed to be loved — a little, not quite to be forgotten. . . . If you take away love from a woman — she may become *anything!*

*(While she is speaking a slight murmur of rough voices is heard in the street. OLDI approaches the window and looks out. The murmuring sounds grow louder. OLDI starts apprehensively.)*

Oldi . . . Oldi . . . Where have you gone? What are you doing there? . . . Ah!

*(Drunken voices outside call 'God save King George,' and 'Down with all foreigners!' A stone is thrown through the window, followed by others. OLDI springs to the curtains and draws them across. The red curtains darken the chamber to the colour of blood. The QUEEN springs to her feet, her hand to her heart.)*

CAROLINE. Ah! that has killed me quite! . . . Now I know that I am going to die. . . . It is the foreign woman that has got to go. . . . Oldi . . . When you go back to Italy — tell him . . . that I died . . . happy, because — I — did not wish to live — any more!

*(She stands for a moment swaying, staring speechlessly before her: then breaks miserably down, and collapses on the couch in a huddled, broken-down attitude of misery and defeat.)*

CURTAIN

PLYMOUTH  
W. BRENDON AND SON, LIMITED  
PRINTERS

# FROM SIDGWICK & JACKSON'S LIST

## FICTION

**THE EARLY HISTORY OF JACOB STAHL.** By J. D. BERESFORD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Mr. J. D. Beresford has written a very remarkable book. If, as it seems, it is his first, 'Jacob Stahl' should place its writer at once in the forefront of modern novelists. . . . We congratulate Mr. Beresford on one of the most convincing studies of character we have read for a very long time."—*Morning Post*.

"Our immediate duty is to congratulate the novel-reading public on the appearance of a writer who has mastered the first principles of his business."—*Westminster Gazette*.

**LE GENTLEMAN.** By ETHEL SIDGWICK, Author of "Promise." 6s. [*Second Impression*]

"In reviewing Ethel Sidgwick's first novel 'Promise,' we expressed the opinion that she possesses the true imaginative gift, as distinguished from the mere power of vivid reporting, which is the necessary qualification for continuing to produce work of permanent value in fiction. It is a pleasure to find the same fine qualities in her new book 'Le Gentleman.'"—*Times Literary Supplement*.

**PROMISE.** By E. SIDGWICK. Crown 8vo, 6s. [*Second Impression*]

**PEACE ALLEY.** By DIANA MEYRICK. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Few writers possess, or can acquire, so intimate a style—so natural a power of showing the thing seen and realised—as we have evidenced in this book; and therefore to say that it is a very remarkable performance is not to indulge in over-praise."—*Daily Telegraph*.

**THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS, and other Stories.** By E. M. FORSTER. Imp. 16mo, 3s. 6d. net.

**THE LEADING NOTE.** By ROSALIND MURRAY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**THE GREEN CLOAK.** A thrilling Detective Story. By YORKE DAVIS. 1s. net.

"Not in anything we have read lately, except 'The Mystery of the Yellow Room,' is the interest so splendidly maintained."—*Manchester Guardian*.

## GENERAL

**BRITAIN'S RECORD: what she has done for the World.** By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

**FAMOUS IMPOSTORS.** By BRAM STOKER. With 10 Portraits. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

**THE LOG OF THE "BLUE DRAGON II" IN ORKNEY AND SHETLAND, 1910.** By C. C. LYNAM, M.A. With 4 Colour Illustrations, 4 Maps, and over 60 other Pictures. Extra royal 8vo, in Designed Cover, 5s. net.

**DOWN CHANNEL IN THE "VIVETTE."** By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON, Author of "Sailing Ships and their Story." With a Coloured Frontispiece and 50 Drawings by NORMAN S. CARR. Square 8vo, Decorated Covers, 10s. 6d. net.

## DRAMA

**THE MADRAS HOUSE.** By GRANVILLE BARKER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. net ; paper, 1s. 6d. net. [*Third Impression*]

### THREE PLAYS

**THE MARRYING OF ANN LEETE**

**THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE**

**WASTE.** By GRANVILLE BARKER.

In 1 vol. 5s. net ; Separate Plays, in cloth, 2s. net ; in paper wrappers, 1s. 6d. net. [*Third Impression*]

"Mr. Granville Barker, by virtue of these plays alone, unquestionably ranks among the first of our serious literary dramatists."—*The Observer*.

**PAINS AND PENALTIES.** By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

**CHAINS.** A Play in Four Acts. By ELIZABETH BAKER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net ; paper wrappers, 1s. net.

**THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT.** A Play in Three Acts. By JOHN MASEFIELD, Author of "The Tragedy of Nan," "Multitude and Solitude," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. [*Second Impression*]

"Fine nervous dramatic English. Words which eat into the soul, which have a meaning which are revelatory of character. A fine virility about the whole play and its conception. An altogether admirable piece of writing which fully justifies Mr. Masefield's real literary distinction."—*The Observer*.

"His drama contains many passages rich in imagination and the feeling for beauty."—*Athenaeum*.

**PRUNELLA ; or Love in a Dutch Garden.** By LAURENCE HOUSMAN and GRANVILLE BARKER. With a Frontispiece designed by LAURENCE HOUSMAN, and Cut on Wood by MISS HOUSMAN. Pott 4to, 3s. 6d. net. The same, in ornamental wrappers, 2s. net. Theatre Edition, crown 8vo, wrappers, 1s. net.

"A very charming love tale, which works slowly to a climax of great and touching beauty."—*Daily News*.

**THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.** By LADY BELL. A Play in Four Acts. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net ; paper, 1s. net.

**ANATOL : A Sequence of Dialogues.** By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Paraphrased for the English Stage by GRANVILLE BARKER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. net ; paper wrappers, 1s. 6d. net.





7  
41  
PR  
4809  
H18P3

Housman, Laurence  
Pains and penalties

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

